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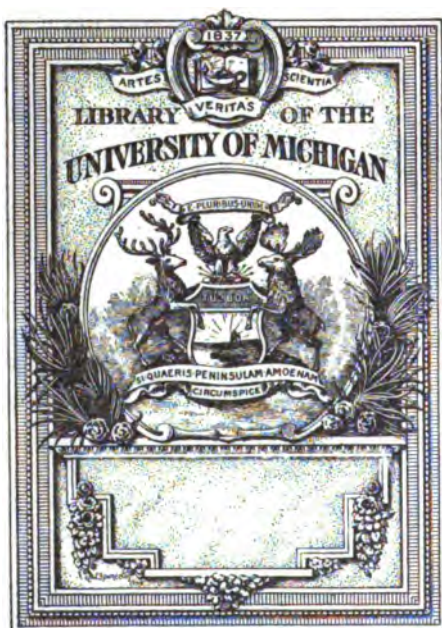
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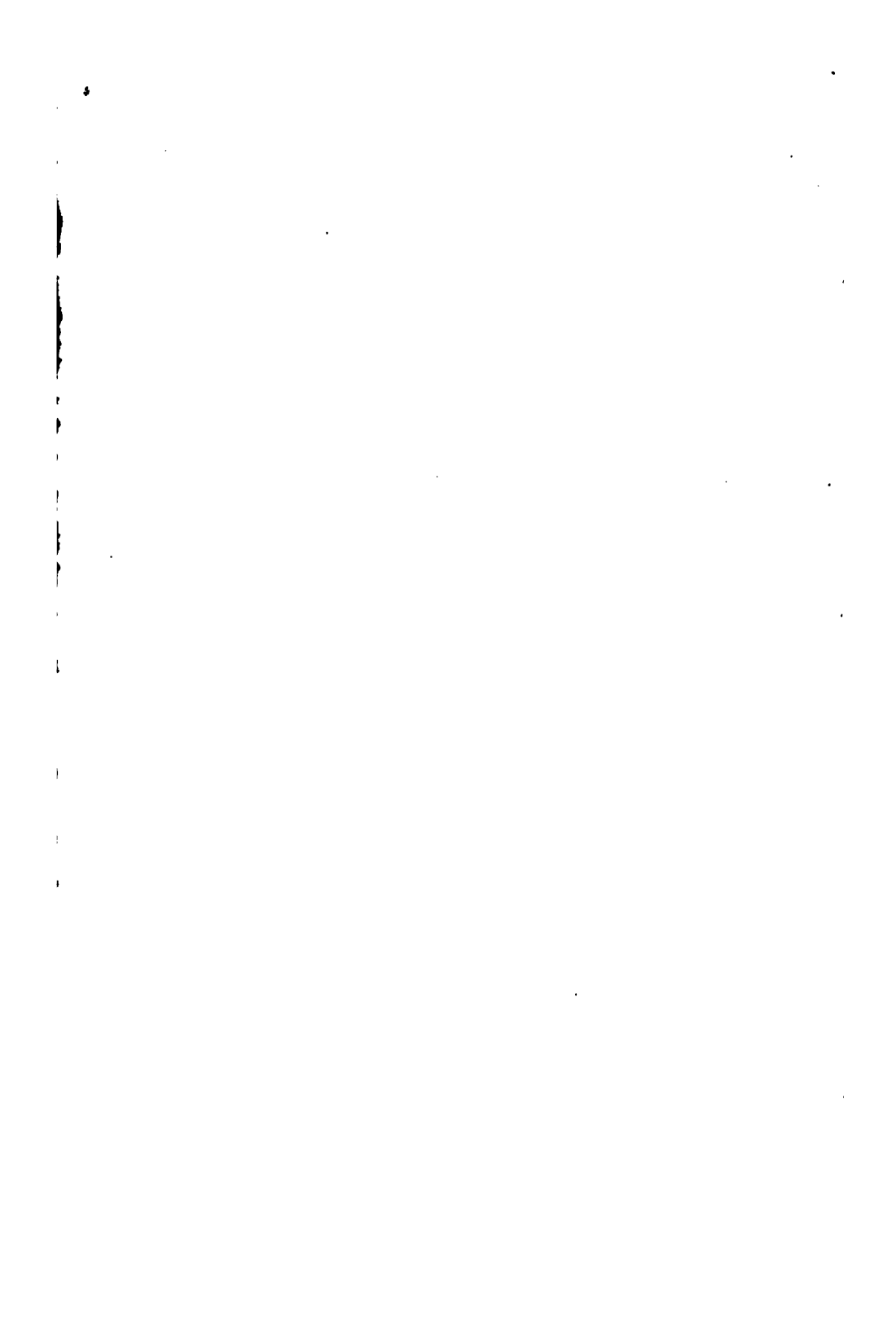
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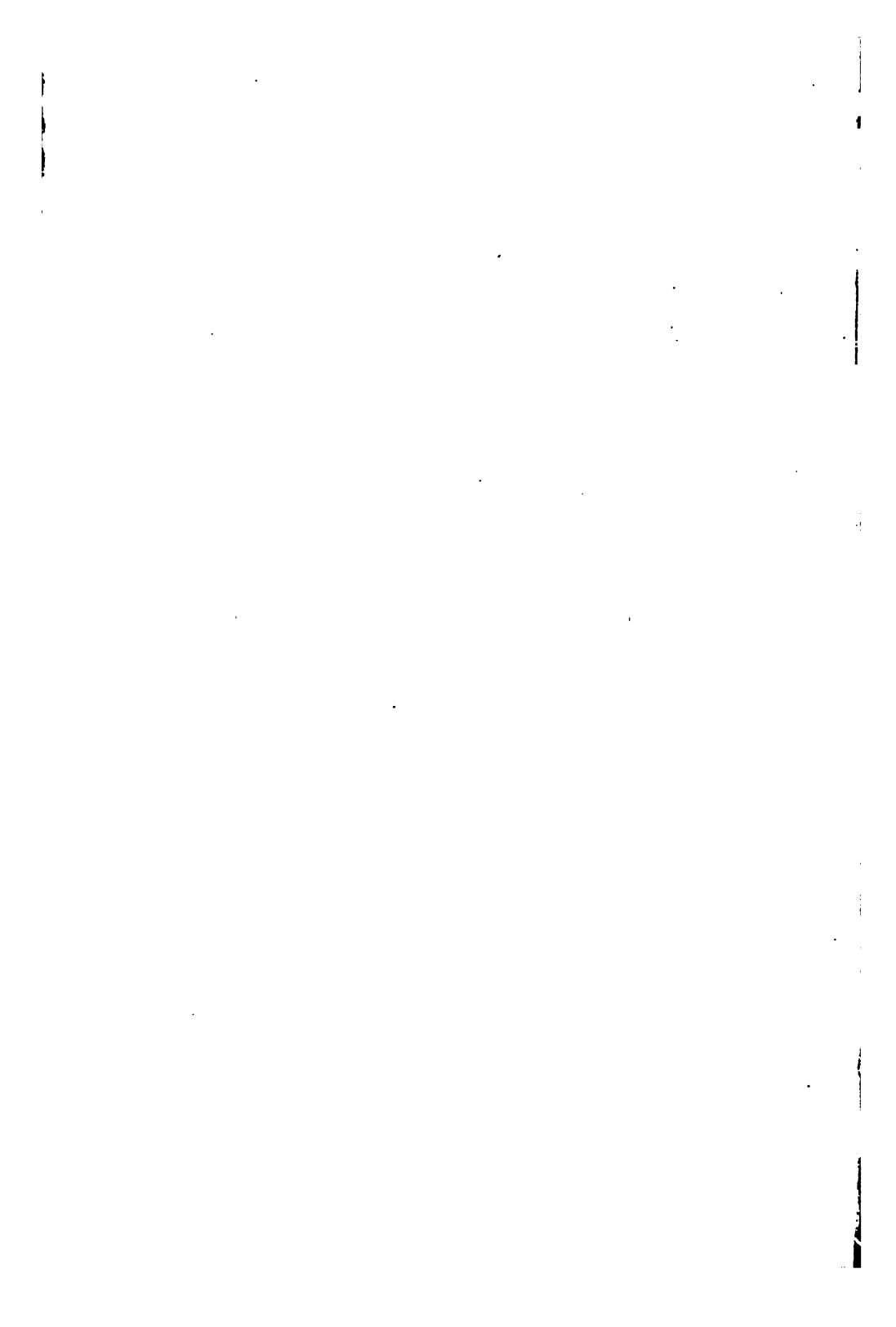


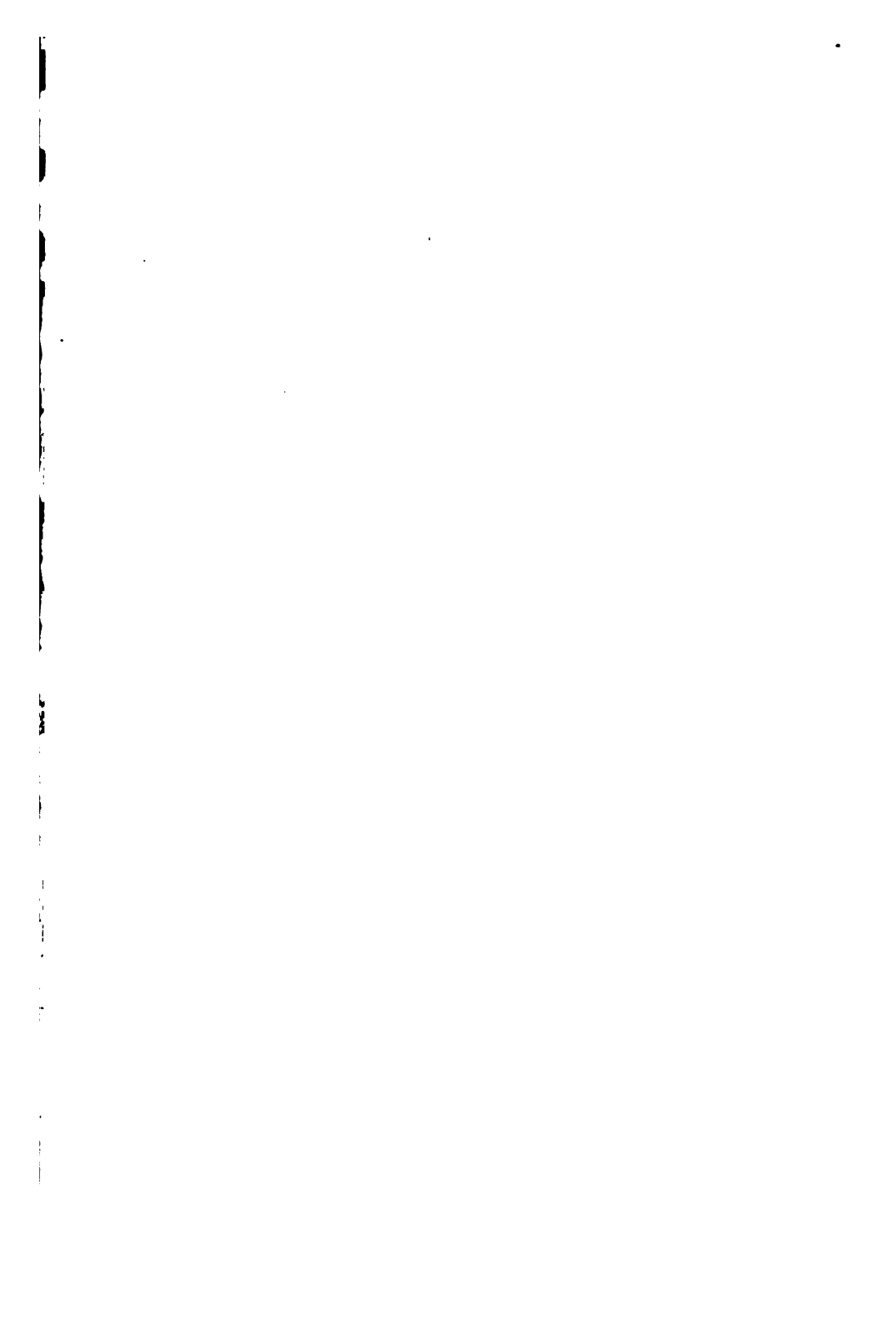
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Portrait of Wm. Allen Butler, Esq.

Wm Allen Butler,

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NOTHING TO WEAR AND OTHER POEMS

By

99695

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

A NEW EDITION

FROM NEW PLATES



NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1899

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Q 12-9-36 *gjm*

TO
My Wife
THIS VOLUME
PUBLISHED IN THE FIFTIETH YEAR
OF OUR WEDDED LIFE
Is Inscribed

PREFACE

THIS volume, published in compliance with many friendly requests for a new edition of my poems, contains selections from an edition published in 1871, long since out of print, with other poems of more recent date. The fact that "Nothing to Wear," first published in New York in 1857, reproduced in a multitude of forms in Great Britain, and translated into French and German, still holds a place in public favor, has prompted me to give it prominence as the title of the present volume, placing the other contents in a subordinate rank.

As my ventures in versification have been mainly by way of recreation during a long and laborious professional life, I have not thought it worth while, except in the instance of the volume already mentioned, to publish them in any collected form ; but I am glad to believe that the present edition, pre-

PREFACE

pared in the evening of my life, may be the means of perpetuating some pleasant associations and memories. This is especially the case in regard to the verses for the children, some of which, in juvenile magazines and school readers, have attained a popularity which may be a justification for placing them in the concluding pages of this book.

WM. ALLEN BUTLER

ROUND OAK, Yonkers, N. Y., 1899

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POEMS OF THE CITY

NOTHING TO WEAR

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping—
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below ;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls ;

POEMS OF THE CITY

Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;
Dresses for Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall—
All of them different in color and shape,
Silk, muslin, and lace, velvet, satin, and crape,
Brocade and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal ;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sous
frills ;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and
swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills !

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer
Arago,
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her
cargo,
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested

NOTHING TO WEAR

Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as
those ;

Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian
beauties,

Gave *good-bye* to the ship, and *go by* to the duties.
Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout

For an actual belle and a possible bride ;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside
out,

And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods
beside,

Which, in spite of Collector and Custom-House
sentry,

Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed
since the day

This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broad-
way,

This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear !

POEMS OF THE CITY

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers' Greek Slave or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When at the same moment she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent
less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should
guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to
wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her "af-
fections,"
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of
art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling her "heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or
grove,

NOTHING TO WEAR

But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures, we whispered our love.
'Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if
any,

And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now, stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in
the week,

Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we don't break this off, there will be time
enough

For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free—
For this is a kind of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on
me."

POEMS OF THE CITY

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and
gained her,

With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that con-
tained her,

I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night ;
And it being the week of the STUCKUP's grand
ball—

Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—

I considered it only my duty to call,

And see if Miss Flora intended to go.

I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found ; I won't say—I caught her,
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.

She turned as I entered—" Why, Harry, you sin-
ner,

I thought that you went to the Flashers' to din-
ner !"

" So I did," I replied, " but the dinner is swal-
lowed,

And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,

NOTHING TO WEAR

So, being relieved from that duty, I followed

Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door;
And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
(All of which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the STUCKUP's, whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up, with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "*Why, Harry, mon cher,*

I should like above all things to go with you there,
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon—" I stopped, for her eye,

Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery.

Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose—

That pure Grecian feature—as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

POEMS OF THE CITY

So I ventured again: "Wear your crimson brocade"—

(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."

"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy." "Your pink"—"That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."

"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—

"I haven't a thread of point-lace to match."

"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker."

"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguy dress-maker

Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,

In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock"—

(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it

As more *comme il faut*"—"Yes, but, dear me, that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,

And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;

That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,

NOTHING TO WEAR

That zephyr-like tarletan, that rich *grenadine*”—

“Not one of all which is fit to be seen,”

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

“Then wear,” I exclaimed, in a tone which quite
crushed

Opposition, “that gorgeous *toilette* which you
sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the
nation,

And by all the grand court were so very much
courted.”

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
“I have worn it three times, at the least calculation,

And that and most of my dresses are ripped up!”
Here I *ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,

Quite innocent, though ; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it “settled my hash,”

And proved very soon the last act of our session.
“Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn’t fall down and crush you—you men have
no feeling ;

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,

POEMS OF THE CITY

Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me"—(here the nose went
still higher)—

"I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know
what."

I mildly suggested the words Hottentot,
Pick-pocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as a spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and
hailed

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite
failed

To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an ob-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,

NOTHING TO WEAR

In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how,
On door-step and sidewalk, past lamp-post and
square,

At home and up-stairs, in my own easy-chair;

Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,

“Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar

Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to
spare,

If he married a woman with nothing to wear?”

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be
bruited

Abroad in society, I’ve instituted

A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora’s case is by no means surprising,

But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising

From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of “Nothing to wear.”

POEMS OF THE CITY

Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few:

In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without any-
thing new

In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the
lurch

Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.

In another large mansion, near the same place,
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point-lace.

In a neighboring block there was found, in three
calls,

Total want, long continued, of camel's-hair shawls;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving young lady almost unable

To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer *Pacific*,
In which were engulfed, not friend or relation
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found
consolation,

Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),

NOTHING TO WEAR

But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and
collars

Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dol-
lars,

And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic,
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.

But the saddest, by far, of all these sad features
Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Ti-
mons,

Who resist the most touching appeals made for
diamonds

By their wives and their daughters, and leave them
for days

Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets,
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a
chance,

And deride their demands as useless extravagance.
One case of a bride was brought to my view,
Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too true,

POEMS OF THE CITY

Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to
Sharon.

The consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear,
And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused, out and out,
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for his gout;
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,
And spur up Humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instanter.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,

Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter? Or won't Peter
Cooper

The corner-stone lay of some new splendid super-

NOTHING TO WEAR

Structure, like that which to-day links his name
In the Union unending of Honor and Fame,
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be
claimed,

The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?
Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our
daughters?

Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and
dresses,

For poor womankind, won't some venturesome
lover

A new California somewhere discover?

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each
side,

To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and
Guilt

Their children have gathered, their city have
built;

POEMS OF THE CITY

Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine brodered
skirt,

Pick your delicate way through the dampness and
dirt,

Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety
stair

To the garret, where wretches, the young and the
old,

Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the
cold;

See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the
street;

Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans
that swell

From the poor dying creature who writhes on the
floor;

Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the
door;

Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you
dare—

Spoiled children of fashion—you've nothing to
wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR

And O, if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings and shows and pretence,

Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love,
O daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

THE SEXTON AND THE THER- MOMETER

A BUILDING there is, well known, I conjecture,
To all the admirers of church architecture,
Flaunting and fine, at the bend of Broadway,
Cathedral-like, gorgeous, and Gothic, and gay,
Soaring sublimely, just as it should,
With its turrets of marble, and steeple of wood,
And windows so brilliant and polychromatic,
Through which the light wanders with colors
erratic—

Now, golden and red on the cushions reposes,
Now, yellow and green on parishioners' noses;
While, within and without, the whole edifice glit-
ters

With grandeur in patches, and splendor in frit-
ters;

With its parsonage "fixed" in the style of the
Tudors,

And, by way of example to all rash intruders,

THE SEXTON AND THERMOMETER

Its solid dead wall, built up at great labor
To cut off the windows cut out by its neighbor—
An apt illustration, and always in sight,
Of the way that the Church sometimes shuts out
the Light !

Now it chanced at the time of the present relation,

Not a century back from this generation,
When, just as in these days, the world was divided,

And some people this way and that way decided,
And like silly questions the public was vexed on,
One DIGGORY PINK of this church was the sexton.
None of your sextons grave, gloomy, and gruff,
Bell-ringers, pew-openers, takers of snuff,

Dusters of cushions and sweepers of aisles,
But a gentleman sexton, ready enough

For bows and good manners, sweet speeches and
smiles ;

A gentleman, too, of such versatility,
In his vocation of so much agility,
Blest with such wit and uncommon facility,
That his sextonship rose, by the means he invented,

To a post of importance quite unprecedented.

POEMS OF THE CITY

No mere undertaker was he, or to make
The statement more clear, for veracity's sake,
There was nothing at all he did *not* undertake;
Discharging at once such a complex variety
Of functions pertaining to genteel society,
As gave him with every one great notoriety;
Blending his care of the church and the cloisters
With funerals, fancy balls, suppers, and oysters,
Dinners for aldermen, parties for brides,
And a hundred and fifty arrangements besides;
Great as he was at a funeral, greater
As master of feasts, purveyor, *gustator*,
Little less than the host, but far more than the
waiter.

Very brisk was his business, because, in advance,
Pink was sure of his patron whatever might
chance.

If the turtle he served agreed with him, then
At the next entertainment he fed him again;
If it killed him, Pink grieved at the sudden re-
versal,

But shifting his part, with a rapid rehearsal,
With all that was richest in pall and in plumes,
Conveyed him, in state, to the grandest of tombs.
Thus whatever befell him, gout, fever, or cough,
It was Pink, in reality, carried him off;

THE SEXTON AND THERMOMETER

The magical Pink, as well skilled in adorning
The houses of feasting as houses of mourning,
For 'twas all the same thing, on his catholic plan,
If he laid out the money, or laid out the man.
But most with the ladies his power was supreme,
Of disputing his edicts nobody would dream,
For 'twas generally known that Pink kept the key
Of the very selectest society ;
Parvenus bribed him to get on his list ;
Woe to the man whom his fiat dismissed !
The best thing he could do was to cease to exist,
And retire from a world where he wouldn't be
missed.

Thus, plying all trades, but still keeping their balance

By his quick, ready wit and pre-eminent talents,
His life might present, in its manifold texture,
An emblem quite apt of the church architecture,
Which unites, in its grouping of sculpture and
column,

A great deal that's comic with much that is solemn!

One Sunday, Friend Pink, who all night had been
kept

At a ball in the Avenue, quite overslept,

POEMS OF THE CITY

And though to the church instanter he rushed,
His breakfast untasted, his beaver unbrushed,
He reached it so late that he barely had time
To kindle the fires, when a neighboring chime
(For 'tis thus that all church-bells must figure in
rhyme)

Proclaimed that the hour for the service was
near;

And, as ill-luck would have it, though sunny and
clear,

'Twas the coldest of all the cold days in the year.

Poor Pink, if some artist, with pencil or pen,
Had been on the spot to sketch him just then,
As bewilderment drove him first here and then
there,

From chancel and transept to gallery stair,
Now down in the vaults, and now out in the air,
Might have stood as a model of Utter Despair,
Whose crowning expression his countenance wore
As he paused, for a moment, within the grand
door,

And glanced at a gentleman, portly and neat,
Advancing quite leisurely up from Tenth Street.
"Mr. Foldrum is coming; oh! what shall I do?
He's got a Thermometer hung in his pew!

THE SEXTON AND THERMOMETER

As sure as it's there, and the mercury in it,
He'll find what the temperature is in a minute;
And being a vestryman, isn't it clear
That minute will cost me a thousand a year?"

But luck, luck, wonderful luck!
Which never deserts men of genuine pluck,
No matter how deep in the mire they are stuck,
In this very crisis of trouble and pain,
With a brilliant idea illumined his brain;
Down the aisle, like a cannon-ball, Diggory flew,
Snatched the thermometer out of the pew,
And then plunged it, bodily, into the fire
Of the nearest furnace, just by the choir;
Soon to 100 the mercury rose,
And Pink, stealing quietly back on tiptoes,
Hung it up stealthily, on the brass nail,
Just as Foldrum was entering, under full sail.

The church was as chilly and cold and cavernous
As the regions of ice round the shores of Avernus;
Like icebergs, pilasters and columns were gleaming,
While pendants and mouldings seemed icicles
streaming.

Foldrum shivered all over, and really looked blue,
As he opened the door and went into his pew,

POEMS OF THE CITY

Then clapping his spectacles firmly his nose on,
Took down the thermometer, surely supposing
The glass would be cracked and the mercury
frozen.

No such thing at all; but, surprising to view,
The mercury stood at 72!

It had never deceived him, that great regulator,
Not once to the atmosphere proved itself traitor;
Had it fallen to zero on the equator,

He had shivered all over and doubted it not;
Or if, upon Greenland's iciest shore,
It had happened to rise to 80, or more,

Had thrown off his bearskin and sworn it was
hot.

"Place me," might he cry, with the poet of old,
"In the hottest of heat or the coldest of cold,
On Lybian sands, or Siberian barren height,
You never shall shake my faith in my Fahren-
heit!"

'Twas charming to see, then (Pink watched him
with care),

What a wonderful change came over his air—
How he rubbed both his hands, and a genial glow
Came flooding his cheeks like a sunbeam on snow;

THE SEXTON AND THERMOMETER

How quickly he doffed both his scarf and his coat,
Unbuttoned his waistcoat down from the throat,
And stifling a sort of shiver spasmodic,
With assumptions of warmth, very clear and
methodic,

And with all sorts of genial and satisfied motions,
With fervor engaged in his usual devotions.

Just then enter Doldrum,

Who sits behind Foldrum,

And gauges himself, from beginning to end
Of the year, by his old thermometrical friend,
Well knowing that he takes his practical cue
From the mercury, hanging up there in his pew,
And can't make the mistakes that some people do.
So off goes *his* pilot-cloth, spite of the cold or
A twinge of rheumatics in his left shoulder ;
'Twas freezing, 'twas dreadful, it must be confessed,
But there sat Squire Foldrum, who surely knew
best,

With his overcoat off and an unbuttoned vest !
What's mercury made for, except by its ranges
To declare, without fail, atmospherical changes ?

At the door the friends met. "Cold in church, was
it not ?"

Says Doldrum. "Oh no ! on the contrary, hot ; -

POEMS OF THE CITY

Thermometer 70 ; with these high ceilings
You must go by the mercury—can't trust your
feelings.

Take a glass, after dinner, of Old Bourbon whis-
key,

Nothing like it to keep the blood active and
frisky,

If you're cold, but the air was quite spring-like and
mellow ;

Why, Doldrum, you're growing old fast, my dear
fellow !"

But on Tuesday the joke was all over the town ;
Pink enjoyed it so much that he noted it down,
And, thinking it shouldn't be laid on the shelf,
At the risk of his place, he told it himself
To one of the vestry, to use at discretion ;
And in very short time 'twas in public posses-
sion. `

Foldrum heard of it, too ; saw how it was done,
And felt that he owed the sexton one.

Next Sunday he paid him. "Pink," said he,
"I owe you a dollar ; here, take your fee."

"A dollar, sir ? no, sir ; what for, if you please ?"

"For raising the mercury forty degrees !

Extra service like this deserves extra pay,
Especially done, as this was, on Sunday.

THE SEXTON AND THERMOMETER

So pocket the cash, without further remark ;
But, Pink, for the future, just mind and keep
dark."

"Thank you, sir," said the sexton ; "I'm not a
dull scholar,

So, if you take the joke, why, I'll take the dollar !"

BROADWAY

ON this day of brightest dawning,
Underneath each spreading awning,
Sheltered from the sun's fierce ray,
Come, and let us saunter gayly
With the crowd whose footsteps, daily,
Wear the sidewalks of Broadway.

Leave the proof-sheets and the printer
Till the duller days of winter,
Till some dark December day;
Better than your lucubrations
Are the vivid inspirations
You can gather in Broadway!

Tell me not, in half-derision,
Of your Boulevards Parisian,
With their brilliant broad *pavés*,

BROADWAY

Still for us the best is nearest,
And the last love is the dearest,
And the Queen of Streets—Broadway!

Here, beneath bewitching bonnets,
Sparkle eyes to kindle sonnets,
Charms, each worth a lyric lay;
Ah! what bright, untold romances
Linger in the radiant glances
Of the beauties of Broadway!

All the fairer, that so fleeting
Is the momentary meeting,
That our footsteps may not stay;
While, each passing form replacing,
Swift the waves of life are chasing
Down the channels of Broadway!

Motley as the masqueraders
Are the jostling promenaders,
In their varied, strange display;
Here an instant, only, blending,
Whither are their footsteps tending
As they hasten through Broadway?

POEMS OF THE CITY

Some to garrets and to cellars,
Crowded with unhappy dwellers ;
 Some to mansions, rich and gay,
Where the evening's mirth and pleasure
Shall be fuller, in their measure,
 Than the turmoil of Broadway !

Yet were once our mortal vision
Blest with quicker intuition,
 We should shudder with dismay
To behold what shapes are haunting
Some, who seem most gayly flaunting,
 On the sidewalks of Broadway !

For, beside the beggar cheerless,
And the maiden gay and fearless,
 And the old man worn and gray,
Swift and viewless, waiting never,
Still the Fates are gliding ever,
 Stern and silent, through Broadway !

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON

"Finitis coronat opus."

WELL done! The statue, on its base of granite,
Stands in the sunlight, perfect and complete,
And like a visitor from some strange planet,
Curbing his steed beside the crowded street,
A million curious eyes already scan it,
And, with delighted gaze, its advent greet.

The end has crowned the work; the high endeavor,
And the long toil, with full success are blest;
And while the city stands, henceforth, forever,
Firm as to-day this noble form shall rest,
Nor shall the hand of Time or Violence sever
Its strength and beauty from that granite crest.

It is well placed; the tide of life, incessant,
With ceaseless echoes, like the mighty voice

POEMS OF THE CITY

Of many waters, sweeps the spacious crescent,
Where, grand and calm, above the stir and noise,
A fitting type of duty ever present,
It keeps, unmoved, its graceful equipoise.

Alike through storm and sunshine ; when the torrid,
Untempered rays of summer fiercely smite,
Or the first snow-flakes crown the ample forehead,
And wrap the figure in their robe of white,
Or wintry tempests, with forebodings horrid
Of distant shipwreck, fill the black midnight.

Be thus perpetual ! with the consecration
Of art, and memory, and hopes that warm
With future glories for each generation,
Keep still, unchanged, the same majestic form,
And, through all tempests that may shake the nation,
Still sit supremely, and survive the storm !

TWO CITIES

[This poem was written at the time when the exposure of the corruption of the so-called "Tweed Ring" in New York was followed by the great fire in Chicago, 1871.]

I

GIRT with the river's silver zone,
Her feet the ocean woos and clasps,
An empress on her island throne,
The crown she wears, the sceptre grasps.

The light that floods her face is shed
On countless roofs and thronging spires;
The cloud-wreath, hovering overhead,
Is woven from her ceaseless fires.

Her lap with wealth the wide world fills,
O'er the wide world her wealth she casts;
The forests of a thousand hills
Have grown to shape her clustered masts.

POEMS OF THE CITY

With boundless life her senses thrill,
It throbs through her resounding streets;
A mighty nation's tireless will
In all her million pulses beats.

But now, heart-sick, sore tried, and faint,
Upon her cheek the blush of shame,
She wears, within, the leprous taint
That blights and blasts her civic fame.

Yet, with firm hand, aside she tears
The folds of her imperial robe,
And, fearless, in the sunlight, dares
The festering sore to search and probe.

Plunge deeper yet the cleansing knife,
The heart still pours its vital flood,
The canker has not touched the life,
The poison is not in the blood!

II

Some swift enchantment surely fed
Her virgin grace, her giant might,
As on her upward way she sped,
With girded loins and footsteps light;

TWO CITIES

In living lines, her strange, new name
Carved on the inland ocean's brim,
And with her lofty beacon flame
Fringed the broad prairie's verdant rim.

Past lakes and forests, hills and plains,
She pushed her iron pathways through,
Along whose tracks the freighted trains,
Like fire-winged serpents, flashed and flew.

With the heaped grain her rafters bent,
The native sheaf her golden crest,
And through her open gates she sent
The garnered harvests of the West.

Who now shall blame the glow of pride
That kindled on her fevered face,
Restless with thought and eager-eyed,
Fit type of our impetuous race?

To-night her widowed watch she keeps;
In sackcloth, by a funeral pyre,
She sits beside the shapeless heaps
Where swept the wind-tossed waves of fire.

POEMS OF THE CITY

Not lifeless yet, though maimed and scarred ;
The gulf of flame is not her grave ;
Above these ruins, black and charred,
Once more the enchanter's wand shall wave.

The magic of the fearless will
That wrought and won, in earlier years,
Still weds to all her strength and skill
The patience of the pioneers.

While from all hearts and hands and homes,
From kindred hearths, from alien shores,
One world-wide benediction comes,
One tidal wave of pity pours ;

Still, as of old, the furnace proves
The path divinest love has trod ;
Still, in the midst, a presence moves
Whose form is like the Son of God !

So far apart, yet side by side ;
Her brand of fire, our badge of shame,
Write the same doom of human pride,
Their call to duty is the same.

TWO CITIES

Though deep the vengeful firebolt cleft,
And deep the foul corruption's stain,
Courage and hope and faith are left,
Manhood and truth and right remain.

The skies are clear, the fresh winds blow,
With trumpet calls the air is filled;
Sweep off the wrecks, and far below,
Upon the old foundations, build !

October, 1871.

POEMS OF TRAVEL

THE WANDERER

O RARE delight of seeing,
O joy unchecked of being
Abroad and free, in this wide world of ours !
Such pleasure the birds have,
Winging o'er wood and wave,
O'er meadows bright with dew, bright with perpetual flowers.

Still fares the wanderer forth,
And still the exhaustless Earth
With all her treasures greets her wayward child ;
For him, on all her shores,
She spreads her countless stores,
In sunlit beauty strewn, or solemn grandeur piled.

The plain at early light ;
At noon, the mountain height ;
At eve, the valley, with its shadows deep ;

POEMS OF TRAVEL

At night, the cataract,
Or ocean's boundless tract,
With ceaseless rush of waves, or murmurs soft as
sleep.

To-day, the crowded mart,
The sacred shrines of art,
The domes of empire, the cathedral vast ;
To-morrow, the wild woods,
Or desert solitudes,
With shattered temples strewn and fragments of
the past.

Tempt not my feet to stay ;
Along the upward way,
Across the earth, across the sparkling sea,
Beyond the distant isles,
The far horizon smiles,
And where its voices call, thither my steps must
be !

NOTRE DAME DE ROUEN

[The symbolism of mediæval art is well illustrated by M. Michelet in his *History of France*, in the chapter entitled "The Passion a Principle of Art in the Middle Ages."]

HERE, as the vesper chant
Sinks to its close,
While not a murmur
Breaks the repose,

In silence I ponder,
Musing alone,
The Church's deep mystery,
Sculptured in stone.

In the solemn cathedral,
Now as of old,
The Passion of Calvary
Still we behold.

POEMS OF TRAVEL

The Cross and the Crucified,
Yes, it is He,
The suffering Saviour,
Nailed to the tree!

As the choir from the transept
Bends to the West,
So His head in the agony
Drooped on His breast.

In the stains of the windows,
Purple and red,
Streams the blood which for sinners
Freely was shed.

Each stone is a symbol,
Graven and scarred;
So with keenest anguish
His form was marred.

Yet in all shapes of beauty
Wondrously wrought,
So the shame and the agony
Our healing brought!

NOTRE DAME DE ROUEN

Yonder a penitent,
Burdened within,
Kneels on the altar steps,
Sighing for sin.

So the dying thief prayed,
By His pierced side ;
"In Thy kingdom remember me,"
Fainting, he cried.

The crypt lies beneath us ;
There, in the gloom,
Sleeps the buried Redeemer,
In Joseph's tomb.

The spire springs toward heaven,
Where angels sing ;
It is Jesus ascending,
Victor and King !

VAUCLUSE

Less because Petrarch and his Muse have made
These hills and streams immortal as his fame,
Linked in melodious verse with Laura's name,
Than for thy sake, O Nature! have I strayed
To this wild region. In the rocky glade,
Deep at the mountain's base, the fountains
keep
Their ceaseless gushing, till the waters leap
A mighty torrent from the endless shade;
A moment linger there in glassy rest,
Break on the craggy steep with foaming crest,
Then thunder through the chasm, swift and
strong!
So burst the Poet's passion from his breast,
Noiseless and deep and pure, to flood ere long
The listening tracts of Time with ceaseless tides of
song!

THE OLD WOMAN OF TROYES

SHE is an old woman, certainly one
Of the most remarkable under the sun,
Not even excepting the old woman who
Lived very retired in the heel of a shoe,

And was troubled with troublesome boys;
The very quintessence of spirit and strength,
Corked down in a body not four feet in length,
And perhaps I should add, the very personi-
fication of everything skinny and bony,
Is this Old Woman of Troyes!

As soon as the diligence, clatter, and clang,
Gets into the square, and pulls up with a bang,
Probably waking up half of the people,
And shaking the town from the stones to the
steeple,

With a terrible racket and noise;
Out of *Le Grand Mulet* (mentioned by Murray
As "good, clean, and cheap"), in all sorts of a
hurry,

POEMS OF TRAVEL

With a light in her hand—of course a rush light—
She comes with a rush, in the depth of the night,
This queer Old Woman of Troyes !

She unloads in a trice, I really can't state
Exactly the number of *cwt.*,
From the top of the diligence down to the flags ;
While as for such matters as baskets and bags,
They're nothing but trifles and toys ;
Around and around the old woman scampers,
Amongst packages, boxes, and barrels, and ham-
pers ;
A bale of packed cotton, or load of pressed hay,
Would be nothing at all, I'll venture to say,
To this Old Woman of Troyes !

While we are looking, she's gone for a minute,
Flies to the court-yard, and disappears in it,
But only, it seems, to take a fresh start,
For out of the gate with a monster hand-cart,
Like a squadron of horse she deploys ;
Then into it piles up trunks, boxes, and chests,
As a tailor would pile up trousers and vests,
Hops into the shafts like a twelve-pounder shot,
And off through the streets, at a rousing round trot,
Goes this Old Woman of Troyes !

THE OLD WOMAN OF TROYES

Now, if Hugo or Scribe had been in the *coupé*,
Or Janin or Sue, it's easy to say,
That, besides with the hand-cart this very long run.
In a novel or play she might have had one,
And made a prodigious great noise ;
Or in England, that country of guilds and of crafts,
She'd surely be christened the Countess of *Shafts*,
Leaving the *bury* out of the word,
Which would make it too long, by more than a third,
For this Old Woman of Troyes !

Now, ye mothers all over the world attend,
And I'll give you the moral that comes at the end ;
If you have a large family, in a long series
Of Peggies, and Sallies, and Annas, and Maries ;
Without wishing your girls had been boys,
Don't make of these Peggies, or Annas, or Maries,
Hot-house camellias or gilt-cage canaries,
To break other people's and then their own hearts,
But teach them the useful, industrial arts
Of this Old Woman of Troyes !

THE SALLE MONTESQUIEU

A PARISIAN REMINISCENCE

FROM the doors of the *Trois Frères Provençaux*,
Rich realm, where the code is the *Carte*,
And the cooks are the monarchs supreme,
And the dishes the triumphs of art,
I sauntered, digestively slow,
Through the lines of the dazzling Arcade,
And forth to the *Rue de Valois*,
And the gloom of its parvenu shade;
Thence on, in the dusk of the night,
Through *quartier*, *passage*, and *rue*,
Till I chanced where the gas-lamps blazed bright,
In front of the *Salle Montesquieu*!

The *façade* loomed large in the dark,
The doors opened wide on the hall,
And forth, from the merry within,
To the street came the sound of the ball;

THE SALLE MONTESQUIEU

The *jeune gens* were flocking in crowds,
With each the grisette of his taste,
The knights of the Joinville cravat,
And the dames of the miniature waist;
I followed their footsteps, delighted,
And paid at the door my ten *sous*,
As set forth in the bill that invited
"All the world to the *Salle Montesquieu*!"

The blaze from the chandelier poured
On the crowd as they wandered at will,
Now, thronged in the gay promenade,
And now, in the mazy quadrille;
In full flourish the orchestra played,
As scorning a moment's repose,
Incessant the scrape of the fiddles,
Tremendous the crash at the close!
The dancers kept up with its notes,
Such contortions Saint Vitus ne'er knew,
As astonished my wondering eyes
On the floor of the *Salle Montesquieu*!

How bright were those beaming black eyes,
Those smiles and those dimples how sweet!
How the roses bloomed fair on each cheek,
And the ringlets waved wild in the heat!

POEMS OF TRAVEL

What odds if the color was *rouge*,
What odds if the tresses were false,
As they gleamed in the polka's gay maze,
Or whirled in the magical waltz?
Farewell to the circles refined,
Where beauty is tiresome and true,
And hail to the flashier charms
Of the belles of the *Salle Montesquieu*!

Alas for the faded *passées*!
On back benches unnoticed they sit,
While before them the belles of to-day
In the pride of their merriment flit;
Alas for the charms that have fled,
For the wrinkles that show in their place,
For the voice that has ceased to allure,
And the smile that has changed to grimace!
In vain are pomatum and paint
The graces of youth to renew,
'Tis the new generation that reigns
To-night in the *Salle Montesquieu*!

'Tis *la jeune France* that flourishes here,
She has found the *arcanum* at last,
As forlorn as the faded coquette,
In her eyes are the forms of the Past;

THE SALLE MONTESQUIEU

Religion is tiresome and old,

The day of morality's done,

A bas with the troublesome prude,

And *vive* the bold, witty *Lionne*!

What's liberty worth with restrictions?

From the *tricolor* banish the blue;

The refuge of Freedom is France,

And her shrine is the *Salle Montesquieu*!

THE TORTURE-CHAMBER AT RATISBON

Down the broad, imperial Danube,
As its wandering waters guide,
Past the mountains and the meadows,
Winding with the stream, we glide.

Ratisbon we leave behind us,
Where the spires and gables throng,
And the huge cathedral rises,
Like a fortress, vast and strong.

Close beside it stands the Town Hall,
With its massive tower, alone,
Brooding o'er the dismal secret,
Hidden in its heart of stone.

There, beneath the old foundations,
Lay the prisons of the state,
Like the last abodes of vengeance,
In the fabled realms of Fate.

TORTURE-CHAMBER AT RATISBON

And the tides of life above them
 Drifted ever, near and wide,
As at Venice, round the prisons,
 Sweeps the sea's incessant tide.

Never, like the far-off dashing,
 Or the nearer rush of waves,
Came the tread or murmur downward,
 To those dim, unechoing caves.

There the dungeon clasped its victim,
 And a stupor chained his breath,
Till the Torture woke his senses,
 With a sharper touch than Death.

Now, through all the vacant silence,
 Reign the darkness and the damp,
Broken only when the traveller
 Gropes his way, with guide and lamp,

Peering where, all black and shattered,
 Eaten with the rust of Time,
Lie the fearful signs and tokens
 Of an age when Law was Crime.

POEMS OF TRAVEL

Then the guide, with grim precision,
Tells the dismal tale once more,
Tells to living men, the tortures
Living men have borne before.

As he speaks, the death-cold cavern
With a sudden life-gush warms,
And, once more, the Torture-Chamber,
With its murderous tenants swarms.

Yonder, through the narrow archway,
Comes the culprit in the gloom,
Falters on the fatal threshold,
Totters to the bloody doom.

Here the executioner, lurking,
Waits, with brutal thirst, his hour,
Tool of bloodier men and bolder,
Drunken with the dregs of power.

There the careful leech sits patient,
Watching face, and hue, and breath,
Weighing life's fast-ebbing pulses
With the heavier chance of death.

TORTURE-CHAMBER AT RATISBON

Eking out the little remnant,
Lest the victim die too soon,
And the torture of the morning
Spare the torture of the noon.

Here, behind the heavy grating,
Sits the scribe, with pen and scroll,
Waiting till the giant terror
Bursts the secrets of the soul ;

Till the fearful tale of treason
From the shrieking lips is wrung,
Or the final, false confession
Quivers from the trembling tongue !

But the gray old tower is fading,
Fades, in sunshine, from the eye,
Like some bird whose distant pinion
Dimly blots the morning sky.

So the ancient gloom and terror
Of the ages fade away,
In the sunlight of the present,
Of our better, purer day !

TITIAN'S "ASSUMPTION"

BURST is the iron gate !
And, from the night of fate,
Out of the darkness and the gloom abhorred ;
Amidst the choral hymn,
With cloud and cherubim,
The Virgin leaves the tomb—arisen like her Lord !

Free in the heavens she soars,
While the clear radiance pours,
Like a vast glory, round her upward face ;
And higher still, and higher,
With the angelic choir,
The soul by grace regained, regains the realms of
grace.

In mortal shape ! and yet,
Upon her brow is set
The new celestial glory, like a crown ;

TITIAN'S "ASSUMPTION"

Her eyes anticipate
The bright eternal state ;
Her arms to heaven extend ; to her the heavens
reach down !

We, with the saints beneath,
Half lose our mortal breath,
With sense and soul still following where she flies ;
They, rapt into the light
Of the miraculous sight—
We, of the wondrous art that gives it to our eyes !

THE INCOGNITA OF RAPHAEL

LONG has the summer sunlight shone
On the fair form, the quaint costume ;
Yet, nameless still, she sits, unknown,
A lady in her youthful bloom.

Fairer for this ! no shadows cast
Their blight upon her perfect lot,
Whate'er her future or her past,
In this bright moment matters not.

No record of her high descent
There needs, nor memory of her name ;
Enough that Raphael's colors blent
To give her features deathless fame !

'Twas his anointing hand that set
The crown of beauty on her brow ;
Still lives its early radiance yet,
As at the earliest, even now.

THE INCOGNITA OF RAPHAEL

'Tis not the ecstasy that glows
In all the rapt Cecilia's grace ;
Nor yet the holy, calm repose
He painted on the Virgin's face.

Less of the heavens, and more of earth,
There lurk within these earnest eyes,
The passions that have had their birth
And grown beneath Italian skies.

What mortal thoughts, and cares, and dreams,
What hopes, and fears, and longings rest
Where falls the folded veil, or gleams
The golden necklace on her breast !

What mockery of the painted glow
May shade the secret soul within ;
What griefs from passion's overflow,
What shame that follows after sin !

Yet calm as heaven's serenest deeps
Are those pure eyes, those glances pure ;
And queenly is the state she keeps,
In beauty's lofty trust secure.

POEMS OF TRAVEL

And who has strayed, by happy chance,
Through all those grand and pictured halls,
Nor felt the magic of her glance,
As when a voice of music calls ?

Not soon shall I forget the day,
Sweet day, in spring's unclouded time,
While on the glowing canvas lay
The light of that delicious clime ;

I marked the matchless colors wreathed
On the fair brow, the peerless cheek ;
The lips, I fancied, almost breathed
The blessings that they could not speak.

Fair were the eyes with mine that bent
Upon the picture their mild gaze,
And dear the voice that gave consent
To all the utterance of my praise.

O fit companionship of thought,
O happy memories, shrined apart ;
The rapture that the painter wrought,
The kindred rapture of the heart !

THE BUSTS OF GOETHE AND
SCHILLER IN WALHALLA

THIS is Goethe, with a forehead
Like the fabled front of Jove;
In its massive lines the tokens
More of majesty than love.

This is Schiller, in whose features,
With their passionate calm regard,
We behold the true ideal
Of the high heroic bard,

Whom the inward world of feeling
And the outward world of sense
To the endless labor summon,
And the endless recompense.

These are they, sublime and silent,
From whose living lips have rung
Words to be remembered ever
In the noble German tongue;

POEMS OF TRAVEL

Thoughts whose inspiration, kindling
 Into loftiest speech or song,
Still through all the listening ages
 Pours its torrent swift and strong.

As to-day in sculptured marble
 Side by side the poets stand,
So they stood in life's great struggle,
 Side by side and hand to hand,

In the ancient German city,
 Dowered with many a deathless name,
Where they dwelt and toiled together,
 Sharing each the other's fame.

One till evening's lengthening shadows
 Gently stilled his faltering lips,
But the other's sun at noonday
 Shrouded in a swift eclipse.

There their names are household treasures,
 And the simplest child you meet
Guides you where the house of Goethe
 Fronts upon the quiet street ;

BUSTS OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER

And, hard by, the modest mansion
Where full many a heart has felt
Memories uncounted clustering
Round the words, "Here Schiller dwelt."

In the churchyard both are buried,
Straight beyond the narrow gate,
In the mausoleum sleeping,
With Duke Charles, in sculptured state.

For the monarch loved the poets,
Called them to him from afar,
Wooed them near his court to linger,
And the planets sought the star.

He, his larger gifts of fortune
With their larger fame to blend,
Living, counted it an honor
That they named him as their friend;

Dreading to be all-forgotten,
Still their greatness to divide,
Dying, prayed to have his poets
Buried one on either side.

POEMS OF TRAVEL

But this suited not the gold-laced
Ushers of the royal tomb,
Where the princely house of Weimar
Slumbered in majestic gloom.

So they ranged the coffins justly,
Each with fitting rank and stamp,
And with shows of court precedence
Mocked the grave's sepulchral damp.

Fitly now the clownish sexton
Narrow courtier-rules rebukes ;
First he shows the grave of Goethe,
Schiller's then, and last—the Duke's.

Vainly 'midst these truthful shadows
Pride would flaunt her painted wing ;
Here the monarch waits in silence,
And the poet is the king !

WORK AND WORSHIP

A LEGEND OF THE DANUBE

"Laborare est orare."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

CHARLEMAGNE, the mighty monarch,
As through Metten wood he strayed,
Found the holy hermit, Hutto,
Toiling in the forest glade.

In his hand the woodman's hatchet,
By his side the knife and twine,
There he cut and bound the fagots
From the gnarled and stunted pine.

Well the monarch knew the hermit
For his pious works and cares,
And the wonders which had followed
From his vigils, fasts, and prayers.

POEMS OF TRAVEL

Much he marvelled now to see him
Toiling thus, with axe and cord ;
And he cried in scorn, " O Father,
Is it thus you serve the Lord ?"

But the hermit, resting neither
Hand nor hatchet, meekly said :
" He who does no daily labor
May not ask for daily bread.

" Think not that my graces slumber
While I toil throughout the day ;
For all honest work is worship,
And to labor is to pray.

" Think not that the heavenly blessing
From the workman's hand removes ;
Who does best his task appointed,
Him the Master most approves."

While he spoke the hermit, pausing
For a moment, raised his eyes
Where the overhanging branches
Swayed beneath the sunset skies.

WORK AND WORSHIP

Through the dense and vaulted forest
Straight the level sunbeam came,
Shining like a gilded rafter,
Poised upon a sculptured frame.

Suddenly, with kindling features,
While he breathes a silent prayer,
See, the hermit throws his hatchet,
Lightly, upward in the air.

Bright the well-worn steel is gleaming,
As it flashes through the shade,
And descending, lo! the sunbeam
Holds it dangling by the blade!

"See, my son," exclaimed the hermit—
"See the token Heaven has sent;
Thus to humble, patient effort
Faith's miraculous aid is lent.

"Toiling, hoping, often fainting,
As we labor, Love Divine
Through the shadows pours its sunlight,
Crowns the work, vouchsafes the sign!"

POEMS OF TRAVEL

Homeward, slowly, went the monarch,
Till he reached his palace hall,
Where he strode among his warriors,
He the bravest of them all.

Soon the Benedictine Abbey
Rose beside the hermit's cell;
He, by royal hands invested,
Ruled, as Abbot, long and well.

Now beside the rushing Danube
Still its ruined walls remain,
Telling of the hermit's patience,
And the zeal of Charlemagne.

THE INVERRNAID INN

[Written in the "Visitor's Book," October 18, 1847]

THE season is ended, the cold days begin,
It's all over now with the Inversnaid Inn
Ben Lomond's bleak forehead, the tempest-tossed
Loch,
The wind as it whistles o'er forest and rock,
The leaves whirled in heaps o'er the bog and the
brook,
But, more plainly, the leaves of this Visitors'
Book,
Proclaim the sad truth that the dark days begin,
And it's all over now with the Inversnaid Inn!

By these rugged hillsides, these valleys profound,
The travelling public no longer abound.
No more the tall Scot, with his buskin and plaid,
Arrives with the question, "What drink's to be
had?"

POEMS OF TRAVEL

Nor Englishman turns from his tramp or his sail
With eager inquiry for mutton and ale;
Nor Irishman, fresh from his darlin' Dublin,
Makes merry the walls of the Inversnaid Inn.

No more shall the student, just out for a lark,
With head growing light as the evening grows
dark;

Nor the "mercantile gent" from Glasgow or Perth,
Who looks at the landscape to see what it's worth;
No travelling curate, nor respited jurist,
Nor clerk out on leave, nor tradesman turned
tourist—

With the landlord's low bow, or the hostler's
broad grin,
Be received at the porch of the Inversnaid Inn.

No more shall "my lord," with his chaplain and
groom,
Have his luncheon served up in a separate room;
Nor Stirling's sweet maidens with glad songs
awake

The echoes that sleep by the shores of the lake;
Nor parties of pleasure escape from the Trosachs,
With curses on innkeepers worse than the Cos-
sacks,

THE INVERRNAID INN

To advise future travellers rather to pin
Their faith on the landlord of Invernsaid Inn.

No, the season is ended, the dark days begin ;
From Stirling and Glasgow the last coach is in,
The last joint is roasted, the larder is bare,
The smoke from the kitchen has faded in air,
The last bill receipted, the last guinea paid,
The last shilling doled to the brisk chambermaid ;
The landlord may delve and the landlady spin,
They will get no more cash from the Invernsaid
Inn.

A sad picture of life ! its pleasures fly fast,
The breezes of fortune give way to its blast,
The bright hues of romance grow yellow and
brown,
The sunshine of fame is eclipsed by its frown,
The warm glow of friendship and passion is
chilled,
The echoes of love in the bosom are stilled,
The tempest without and the darkness within,
We are left in the storm, like the Invernsaid Inn !

AT RICHMOND

At Richmond, in the month of May,
I climbed the city's lofty crest ;
Below, the level landscape lay,
And proudly streamed, from east to west,
The glories of the dawning day.

There stand the statues Crawford gave
His country, while with bleeding heart
She showered upon his open grave
The laurels of victorious Art,
And wept the life she could not save.

How grandly, on that granite base,
The youthful hero sits sublime ;
The leader of the chosen race,
The noblest of the sons of Time,
With all his future in his face.

AT RICHMOND

And he who framed the matchless plan
For freedom and his fatherland,
Type of the just, sagacious Man,
Like Aristides, calm and grand,
Within the Roman Vatican.

Nor less he wears the patriot wreath,
The foremost of the three, who stands
As when with his prophetic breath,
And flashing eyes, and out-stretched hands,
He cried for "Liberty or Death!"

Here surely it is good to be,
Where Freedom's native soil I tread,
And, on the mount, transfigured see
The Fathers, with whose fame we wed
The endless blessings of the free.

But when the summit's ample crown
Flamed with the morning's fiercer heat,
I turned, and slowly passing down,
With curious gaze, from street to street,
Went wandering through the busy town.

And lingered, where I chanced to hear
The voices of a crowd, that hung,

POEMS OF TRAVEL

With laugh and oath and empty jeer,
Beside a door o'er which was swung
The red flag of the auctioneer.

In truth, it was a motley crew :
The brutal trader, sly and keen ;
The planter, with his sunburnt hue ;
The idle townsman, and between,
With face unwashed, the foreign Jew.

Within, O God of grace ! what sight
Was this for eyes which scarce had turned
From yonder monumental height,
For thoughts upon whose altars burned
The fires just kindled in its light !

So when the rapt disciples came
From Tabor on that blessed morn,
What chilled so soon their hearts of flame ?
The fierce demoniac, wild and torn,
The cry of human guilt and shame.

For here were men, young men and old,
Scarred with hot iron and the lash ;
And women, crushed with griefs untold ;
And little children, cheap for cash—
All waiting, waiting—to be sold !

AT RICHMOND

For me, each hourly good I crave
Comes at the bidding of my will ;
For them, the shadows of the grave
Have gathered, or the woes that fill
The life-long bondage of the slave.

Too long my thoughts were schooled to see
Some pretext for such fatal thrall ;
Now reason spurns each narrow plea,
One thrill of manhood cancels all,
One throb of pity sets me free.

Virginia ! shall the great and just,
Like sentries, guard the slaver's den ?
O, rise, and from your borders thrust
This thrice-accursed trade in men,
Or hurl your heroes to the dust !

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

BENEATH the rocky peak that hides
In clouds its snow-flecked crest,
Within these crimson crags abides
An Orient in the West.

These tints of flame, these myriad dyes,
This Eastern desert calm,
Should catch the gleam of Syrian skies,
Or shade of Egypt's palm.

As if to bar the dawn's first light
These ruby gates are hung—
As if from Sinai's frowning height
These riven tablets flung.

But not the Orient's drowsy gaze—
Young Empire's opening lids
Greet these strange shapes of earlier days
Than Sphinx or pyramids.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

Here the New West its wealth unlocks,
And tears the veil aside
Which hid the mystic glades and rocks
The Redmen deified.

This greensward, girt with tongues of flame,
With spectral pillars strewn,
Not strangely did the savage name
A haunt of gods unknown.

Hard by, the gentle Manitou
His healing fountains poured,
Blood red against the cloudless blue
These storm-tossed Titans soared.

Not carved by art or man's device,
Nor shaped by human hand,
These altars, meet for sacrifice,
This temple, vast and grand.

With torrents wild and tempest blast
And fierce volcanic fires,
In secret moulds has Nature cast
These monoliths and spires.

Their shadows linger where we tread,
Their beauty fills the place—

POEMS OF TRAVEL

A broken shrine—its votaries fled,
A spurned and vanished race.

Untouched by Time the garden gleams,
Unplucked the wild flower shines ;
And the scarred summit's rifted seams
Are bright with glistening pines.

And still the guileless heart that waits
At Nature's feet may find
Within the rosy, sunlit gates,
A hidden glory shrined :

His presence feel to whom, in fear,
Untaught, the savage prayed,
And listening in the garden, hear
His voice, nor be afraid.

MAMITOU, Colorado, July, 1890

A MIDNIGHT SUN EPISODE

SOUTHWARD, gray peaks rise flecked with snow,
Their rifted sides all fringed with green ;
On mountain breast and waves below
Gleams one bright strip of sunset sheen ;
Northward, deep gloom the sky enshrouds,
And, save that lone ray shot afar,
The Sun is chained in heavy clouds,
A King behind a prison bar.

Though still her westward course is free,
With sudden swing, our noble ship
No longer seeks the open sea,
But steers for yonder sunlit strip ;
And while we start, in mute surprise,
To see this new, strange course begun,
Hark, from the bridge, the Captain cries,
"To-night we chase the Midnight Sun !"

POEMS OF TRAVEL

Last night from off the grim "Nord Cap"
A denser cloud-belt loomed on high ;
To-night the dusky folds enwrap,
With lighter grasp, a lower sky ;
Above their edge a bright ray streams
And lights and cheers yon shining space ;
Once there we too shall share its beams,
And so the Midnight Sun we chase.

Well pleased we sail, for he knows best,
Our Captain, whom we all obey,
To North or South, or East or West,
We follow where he points the way ;
True seaman bold, at whose command
All risks we brave, all dangers shun ;
Through sea, or strait, by shoal or strand,
We'll chase, with him, the Midnight Sun.

Vain quest ; the glittering line recedes—
We follow on ; it glides before—
With phantom dance it lures and leads
And beckons to the rock-bound shore ;
Yet southward still we slowly sail,
And landward points our steady prow,
As though its steel-clad beak would scale
The snow-tipped mountain's gleaming brow.

A MIDNIGHT SUN EPISODE

Too late ; the midnight bells have rung ;
Too late ; the cloud-bar tarries yet ;
Seaward, once more, our ship is swung,
The Midnight Sun in gloom has set.
Still, lingering on the decks, we wait,
Or sadly vanish, one by one ;
Alas ! is this the hopeless fate
Of those who chase the Midnight Sun ?

Look ! look ! The Captive King has torn
His riven chain in scattered rifts,
Full-orbed and free, in Midnight Morn,
The Sun his flaming disk uplifts.
“The Sun ! The Sun !” The cry rings out,
The chase is o’er, the goal is won,
From sea to sky a joyous shout,
For we have found the Midnight Sun.

While from his chamber in the North,
From this his blazing Arctic throne,
New crowned, the bridegroom King goes forth
To light the globe from zone to zone,
To us he grants this perfect day
And floods its hours with cloudless light,
In regal splendor guides our way,
With noontide pomp from morn to night.

POEMS OF TRAVEL

As from a golden beaker's brim,
All day, undimmed, his radiance pours,
Till, far above the ocean rim,
He slowly sinks and sets and soars ;
And thus, by Tromsø's tranquil shore,
Where earliest dawn with midnight blends,
A dream of joy, forever more,
Our golden day in glory ends.

Tromsø, Norway, July, 1895

"ALL 'S WELL!"

**EIGHT BELLS ! Eight bells ! their clear tone tells
The midnight hour is here,
And as they cease, these words of peace
Fall gently on my ear—
"All 's well ! All 's well !"**

**Fond thoughts fly far, where loved ones are,
Though distant, ever near,
From those dear homes the echo comes,
Our longing hearts to cheer—
"All 's well ! All 's well !"**

**Swift through the deep our course we keep,
To shores unseen we steer,
No thought of ill our souls shall chill,
Nor wind nor wave we fear—
"All 's well ! All 's well !"**

POEMS OF TRAVEL

Thus o'er life's sea our voyage may be
 A pathway lone and drear,
Through tempest loud and sorrow's cloud,
 Faith still shall whisper near—
 "All 's well ! All 's well !"

And when for me, earth, sky, and sea
 Shall fade and disappear,
May this sweet note still downward float,
 From some undying sphere—
 "All 's well ! All 's well !"

"BOTHELLA," June, 1881

OBERAMMERGAU

1890

OBERAMMERGAU

1890

A TREMBLING vow breathed in a night of fears ;
A votive offering wet with bitter tears ;
Faith's faltering cry through thickest midnight
 gloom ;
Hope's last faint signal by the opening tomb ;
Thus, in despair, the stricken peasants prayed :
" O, Father, if this cruel plague be stayed,
We and our children pledge ourselves to Thee,
In every decade of the years to be,
While Ammer's waters through our valley glide,
Or Kofel's summit greets the morning tide,
With all our powers, however scant and rude,
In very act and true similitude,
Before the world and in the light of day,
The Saviour's cross and Passion to portray."

The prayer was heard, so runs the record old,
Thenceforth no lamb was stricken in the fold,

OBERAMMERGAU

Nor man, nor matron, youth or maiden died,
But healing balm, from every mountain side
Brought back new health to wasted forms and gave
In every home a rescue from the grave.
Safe in its hill-girt vale the hamlet slept ;
Through the green dales the gentle Ammer swept,
New blessings bringing to each peasant door,
And all was peace and plenty as of yore ;
While far above, fit genius of the place,
Gray Kofel, towering from his massive base,
Still kept his sentry watch, where, stern and lone,
Rose to the sky his rugged, cross-tipped cone.

The trembling lips which breathed that early vow,
Long stilled in death, are dust and ashes now ;
The years have flown, the centuries rolled away,
Kingdoms and crowns have crumbled to decay ;
Old things have passed away, all things are new,
But to the fathers' pledge the sons are true.
No chance of war, nor tidal wave of change
Have ploughed their furrows past this mountain
range.

While perjured monarchs from their seats were
hurled,
And trusts betrayed with blood have drenched the
world,

OBERAMMERGAU

On these poor peasants, all untaught, unskilled,
Fell the rich blessing of a vow fulfilled,
Till, on the mountain-top, the handful sown
Of precious grain, to such fair height has grown
That while, from far, the wondering world looks
on,
Its golden fruitage shakes like Lebanon.

We sat in silence, twice two thousand souls,
Our thoughts together fused like molten coals;
Round the vast theatre, through its open space,
The summer sunlight fell and filled the place;
In the blue sky, fit background for each scene,
Rose the encircling hills with pastures green;
A Sabbath stillness wrapt us all about,
And overhead the birds flew in and out.
A sudden stir—then, with clear note and strong,
The bright-robed chorus, bursting into song—
Broke the deep silence with the measured strain
Which keeps throughout the play its long refrain,
To herald each new action and rehearse
The Scripture story, wrought in stately verse,
While groups symbolic placed before the view
Those ancient types, the figures of the True,
Which deep within their mystic lines enfold
All the New Covenant, blent with all the Old.

OBERAMMERGAU

In these rare groupings, posed with wondrous art,
From every home the peasants take their part,
For each and all, strong man or tender child,
An act of worship, pure and undefiled.
Chorus and symbols both, twin streamlets, glide,
By the main Drama's full majestic tide.

The curtain rises : a tumultuous throng
Fills the vast stage; with shouting and with song,
And wealth of waving palms, they bring with them
The Son of David to Jerusalem.

He comes—as written in the prophet's roll—
Meek, lowly, riding on an ass's foal.
Alighting, now, He stands before our view.
How strange the semblance and how strangely
true ;

The player is a peasant—such was He,
Working in wood—His trade was carpentry ;
The noble figure, wrapped in simplest robe,
Might fit a monarch born to rule the globe ;
Beneath the parted locks, the oval face
Seems a true type of Judah's lofty race ;
That face serenely sad, severely grave,
With pity tender, with high purpose brave.
A human Christ, the Son of Man is He ;
Jesus of Nazareth, in Galilee ;

OBERAMMERGAU

True son of Mary, yet by sin untainted,
The Man of Sorrows, and with grief acquainted;
John's Lamb of God, unblemished, without spot,
Who sought His own and they received Him not;
Judah's fierce Lion, as, with knotted cord,
He clears the Temple of its sordid horde,
O'erturns the tables, in His righteous wrath,
Drives the scared usurers from His royal path
And spurns the caitiff band, whose knavish trade
His Father's house a den of thieves has made.
Leader and Lord, true heir of Israel's throne,
Will He not make this kingly hour His own,
While loud hosannas, in the market-place,
Proclaim Him head of David's royal race!

Alas! His hour has come, but not the hour
Of Judah's throne regained, or earthly power.
Scarce cease the plaudits when the baffled crowd
Of Temple traders, with their curses loud,
Smarting with shame and wild with rage and
fears,

Besiege the Sanhedrim. On willing ears
Their cry for vengeance falls; the plot is laid
To seize the Nazarene, with Judas' aid;
The flames of hate by priestly craft are fed,
Jesus is doomed—a price is on His head.

OBERAMMERGAU

The greed of gold, corroding all the heart,
Is shown with vivid strokes in Judas' part.
He bears the bag, at best a slender hoard,
And sits a welcome guest at Simon's board ;
There Mary kneels, intent on service meet,
And pours the spikenard on the Master's feet.
Then, through the perfumed air, with sudden
haste,

The traitor sneers and chides the needless waste :
"This ointment sold, three hundred pence had
brought

To feed the poor—what folly she hath wrought."
In calm rebuke the Master's voice is heard :
"Let her alone," is His reproving word,
"Against My burial this good work shall be ;
The poor ye always have—not always Me."

For death anointed thus, He fearless goes,
To face once more His unrelenting foes ;
He turns from Bethany, calm resting-place,
And towards Jerusalem sets His steadfast face.
There have the prophets perished, there must
He,

Last of the prophets, die on Calvary.
But as He passes on the village street,
Mother and Son for one brief moment meet.

OBERAMMERGAU

No scene more tender : while her pierced heart
 bleeds,
With sharp foreboding, earnestly she pleads
To share His coming doom, His opening grave,
If from His foes Himself He will not save.
Gently He calms her—must He not fulfil
To the last bitter end the Father's will?
And while, through tears, we gaze, with stifled
 breath,
He parts from Mary on His way to death.

The scene has shifted : in the twilight gloom
The Twelve are with Him in the upper room ;
This the Real Presence, when the bread He breaks,
The wine-cup blesses and of both partakes,
Then from His heart what wealth of love is poured
On all the chosen, round that Paschal board ;
While seated nearest, loved beyond the rest,
John leans his head upon his Master's breast.
The supper ended, silently He moves,
With tenderest ministry to those He loves,
And meekly stoops—O sacrifice complete!—
With girded towel, at the traitor's feet.

The plot moves swiftly ; from the Master's touch
The false disciple flies, and with foul clutch

OBERAMMERGAU

The thirty pieces grasps—the price of blood—
Then, headlong swept upon the surging flood
Of Jewish hate, at once, with stealthy tread,
To Olive's shade the Roman band is led;
His whispered signal to the soldiers, this—
“He whom ye seek is He whom I shall kiss.”
There, while each weary, sad disciple sleeps,
His midnight watch, alone, the Master keeps;
An hour of agony. At last He cries:
“He that betrays Me is at hand. Arise!”
And, as He speaks, that holiest shrine of prayer
Bristles with Roman spears, and Judas there
Glides through the garden, and, with serpent hiss,
“Hail, Master!” calls; betraying with a kiss!

The end draws near. In haste the rulers meet;
Their hunted victim now is at their feet.
They speed the trial; set in foul array
The perjured hirelings; swear His life away,
And meet His claims divine with taunting cry—
“What need of proof? Ye hear His blasphemy!”
Soon the swift sentence falls, His doom must be
A felon's death, which Pilate shall decree.
“Not death! Not death!” then Judas wildly
cries,
“Condemn Him not to die—to sacrifice

OBERAMMERGAU

The Master's precious life I never meant—
What have I done? Betrayed the Innocent."
"See thou to that," unmoved, the priests ex-
claim,
And Judas, stung by guilt, convulsed with shame,
Flings back the shekels, and with frenzied stride
Rushes to death—an outcast suicide.

At Pilate's bar, the Roman's proud disdain
Fades into fear he strives to hide in vain;
In this strange prisoner, friendless and alone,
He finds a nature nobler than his own;
No Galilean, cast in common mould,
Kingly as Cæsar, patient, calm, and bold,
He seeks no earthly crown; His nobler aim
To witness to the truth. For this He came.
And "What is truth?" the startled Pagan cries,
While Truth Incarnate stands before his eyes.
No fault in Him he finds, but it may be
That Herod, lately come from Galilee,
Can best adjudge, and so the soldiers bring
The guiltless prisoner to that guilty king.
Here He stands silent. Herod vainly seeks
Some word or sign, but not a word He speaks;
The men of war, like raging beasts of prey,
Torment the victim whom they dare not slay;



OBERAMMERGAU

As long foretold in prophecy and psalm,
They mock and jeer and smite with open palm,
While He, as sheep before the shearers dumb,
Waits, in meek silence, till the end shall come.
How strange a contrast on the stage is shown—
The cunning tetrarch on his vassal throne,
Herod, the "fox," as Jesus named him well,
Who slew the Baptist in his prison cell,
Loud with coarse sneers, half jester and half
brute;
The Christ, immaculate, sublimely mute.

No judgment Herod gives ; with crafty skill
He bows obsequious to Pilate's will ;
And now, once more, the weary prisoner stands
Before his judgment-seat, and in his hands
Trembles His fate. Feebly the Roman strives
To save this life, worth all Judean lives ;
But now the priests have roused the people's rage,
And once again a concourse fills the stage
And rules the hour—the false and fickle crowd
That yesterday, with shout and chorus loud,
Welcomed the coming king ; their vengeful cry
Is not “ Hosanna ” now, but “ Crucify ! ”
“ What ! crucify your king ? Behold Him there ! ”
“ We have no king but Cæsar ! ” rends the air.



OBERAMMERGAU

One last appeal: "The Paschal feast is nigh,
At which one malefactor doomed to die
I must release," and as he speaks they fetch
From prison walls hard by, a loathsome wretch,
Condemned for many crimes, the Law's just prey,
Who stands before them in the light of day,
A hideous sight, whereat all outcries cease,
While Pilate cries, "Whom will ye I release?"
Too swiftly comes the answer to his call—
"Not Jesus, but Barabbas," say they all.
With coward will, borne down by Jewish hate,
Meanly he leaves the victim to His fate,
Washes his hands, vain show, and in one breath
Declares Christ guiltless—gives Him up to death.

So swiftly all has passed, that Mary knows
Only of Jesus' capture by His foes;
The Master taken, His disciples fled,
And in their flight the fatal tidings spread.
But John and Peter through the darkness crept
Where, in the High Priest's hall, the watch was
kept,
And by the firelight, near their Master's side,
Waited, in fear, for what might next betide.
There, as the Lord foretold, to Peter came
His sudden, craven lapse; his hour of shame.

OB RAMMERGAU

Slow waned the night, and ere the cock crew twice,
Had he, with oaths, denied the Saviour thrice;
Then the Lord looked on Peter, and he went,
In outer darkness, to the banishment
Of bitter tears, his head in anguish bowed,
Beating his breast, with lamentations loud.
John hastes to Mary, and we see them next,
In the great city wandering, perplexed
With doubts and fears, when, suddenly, a cry
Breaks on their ears—the multitude is nigh,
Who view their victim, with triumphant hate,
Led to His death outside the city's gate;
He bears His cross, and now as Mary stops,
With looks aghast, beneath its weight He drops;
While, as with lightning stroke, upon her gaze,
The whole truth flashes with consuming blaze.
“Is this the goal His life of love has won,
Death on the cross accurst?—my Son! my Son!”

We gaze and shrink, and, shrinking, still we gaze,
As with strong hands the middle cross they raise.
All things set down in Holy Writ are here—
The crown of thorns, the reed, the Roman spear,
The parted garments and the seamless vest,
The foul-mouthed rabble, with coarse jeer and
jest,

OBERAMMERGAU

The wagging heads, the rulers' boastful cry,
The sudden earthquake and the darkened sky—
Too real all ; with horrors so compact
We lose the actors in the awful act ;
The mimic scene recedes, the players' stage,
Before the Passion of the Gospel page :
Nailed to the cruel wood, in dying pangs,
Between two thieves, the suffering victim hangs ;
Supreme in power—to him who faintly cries
"Remember me," He opens Paradise.
Supreme in love—that love His murderers share,
"*Father, forgive them,*" is His pitying prayer.
Still beats His human heart towards Mary's
breast—

"Behold *Thy mother, Son*"—His sole bequest.
In cruel answer to His fainting call,
"*I thirst,*" they bring Him vinegar and gall.
The Father's face withdrawn, in brief eclipse—
"*Forsaken,*" trembles from His quivering lips—
Then, "*It is finished,*" with loud voice He cries,
Commends His parting soul to God, and dies.

Beneath the fatal tree, in thickest gloom,
The faithful few are grouped by Joseph's tomb ;
With loving thought he begged, and Pilate gave,
The lifeless body for his rock-hewn grave ;

OBERAMMERGAU

Then on the ladder's round his aid he lends,
As from the cross the sacred form descends.
This is the sombre scene by Rubens cast
On his famed canvas, in the transept vast
Of Antwerp's great cathedral, and to-day
The tragic movement of the Passion Play
Starts into life the forms his pencil wrought,
The players' action with the painter's thought.
Then, for a little space, her Son is laid
In Mary's arms, for death's long sleep arrayed ;
With burial rite of tears and fond embrace,
They bear Him gently to His resting-place.
Love can avail no more ; the Crucified
Is dead and buried. In His grave abide
What vanished visions ! Hope with Him has fled,
The Lord of Israel slain, Messiah dead.
The mourners pass and all is over now,
Only the spectral cross on Calvary's brow,
Brand of the world's worst shame, stands lone and
bare,
Symbol of Heaven's wrath and man's despair.

This is the human ending, for the rest,
The sequel is divine and silence best.
Few scenes and simple mark the drama's close ;
In the gray dawn the Easter sunlight glows ;

OBERAMMERGAU

At the grave's mouth, arisen, as He said,
The Lord appears ; the Living leaves the Dead,
And at the last His radiant form is shown
In clouds ascending to the Father's throne.

We quit the place, and home returning say :
"These are strange things that we have seen to-day."

Still while we muse, one thought the most intense—

How have these men this marvellous power, and whence ?

No classic Roscius taught their earlier age,
No tragic Talma trod their later stage,
Nor modern players, versed in all the schools,
Have hither brought their new dramatic rules ;
And yet these peasant actors, undismayed,
In loftier parts than Shakespeare drew have played,

And not for rustic boors or mountain swains,
Or simple herdsmen on Bavarian plains.
Hither the world is drawn ; from all its shores
Comes the vast throng that through these gateways pours ;

Here sit the critics who with practised gaze
View each fresh triumph won when Irving plays,

OBERAMMERGAU

Or as the maddened Moor, Salvini strides,
Or Booth unlocks the secret Hamlet hides.
How have these peasants dared this height to
scale,
Where to succeed in part were but to fail,
With fearless footsteps on the dizzy edge,
Where less than full success were sacrilege?

Twofold the answer. Five times fifty years
One lofty thought possessed these mountaineers ;
A generation slept, another came,
And still their purpose kept its steadfast aim,
Ran in their blood and in their pulses thrilled,
And all their life with all its spirit filled.
Nor deem it strange. What altar fires have leapt
Where by a chosen few a faith is kept ;
What deeds heroic ever have been done,
Where one strong impulse sweeps from sire to son !
See where apart, in mountain wilds of Spain,
One lonely tribe in all the world retain
Their Orient, alien speech, and dwell alone ;
So here the ancient Mystery claims its own,
And sets apart this far Bavarian clan
To show the Passion of the Son of Man.
Nor is this all. As on the wave, the crest,
One master spirit shines above the rest,

OBERAMMERGAU

Whose patient labor, wrought from day to day,
Through thirty years, has made the Passion Play:
The village pastor, shepherd of his fold,
Simple of heart, but fired with courage bold,
To mould the native thought with daring skill,
And with the world its well-won fame to fill—
His touch has fashioned all; his plastic art
Shaped every scene and rounded every part;
His hand has planted on his hamlet's brow
The sparkling diadem which crowns it now.

Fair Oberammergau! to thy pure shrine
How many thoughts to-day revert with mine;
From over distant seas, from every zone,
What countless memories claim thee as their own;
To thee we flocked as birds of passage fly,
Their close-locked pinions darkening all the sky,
To pause an instant on some sunlit height,
Then part forever in their scattered flight;
From North and South, from East and West we
came,

Thy loving welcome still to all the same.
Thanks to each peasant host. And shall it be
This decade ends the Passion Mystery?
Here, as of old, shall sordid greed of gain
The Temple court defile with touch profane?

OBERAMMERGAU

Shall the world's concourse, like some mountain
 slide,

Choke the pure streamlet with its muddy tide ?
Perchance it must be so, yet, as Time flies,
As the years roll, the waning century dies,
Haply thy sons, with purpose high and true,
In coming decades shall the vow renew,
Within the world, yet from the world apart
And with the blessing of the pure in heart,
Safe in the fastness of their mountain home,
Show forth His Passion till the Saviour come.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE CARNIVAL OF 1848

HAVE you ever seen the Carnival, at Paris, or at
Rome ?

Have you quaffed its cup of merriment when it
sparkled at its foam ?

Have you caught its lively jest, and its stinging
pasquinade ?

Have you jostled with the masks in the motley
masquerade ?

Have you whirled along the Corso 'midst the tor-
rents of *confetti* ?

Have you marvelled at the beauty of the fairy
mocholetti ?

O merrier than this, and wilder in its play,
Is the Carnival they're keeping on the Continent
to-day !

Not the idle rabble only, nor the shiftless, gay
buffoon,

But the monarch plays the clown, and the prince
the pantaloon ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

With his subjects for spectators, as it suits to clap
or hiss,
The sovereign of the last year is the harlequin
of this.

'Twas France that set the fashion, in the month
of February,
Louis Philippe led it off, this Carnival so merry,
To save himself from shooting, and his populace
to please,
He took the funny character of poor old *Char-les*
Dix ;
And so popular it proved, and so very full of
fun,
That in this famous character he had a famous
run !

Then perforce with every Frenchman was the
Carnival in vogue ;
Then poets played the statesman, and statesmen
played the rogue ;
Then the wisest proved the weakest, and the
weakest proved most strong ;
And still goes on this Carnival ; but who may
know how long ?

THE CARNIVAL OF 1848

Or, when the masks are taken off, pray, who can
tell us yet,
But what *seems* the Goddess Liberty may prove
a mere *grisette*?

But the Germans joined the Carnival, that race
of steady smokers,
And took it up in earnest, too, like practical old
jokers;
And of their madcap plans, what did most ex-
ecution
Was a monstrous Punchinello, whom they nick-
named *Constitution*;
Beneath the palace windows they bring the dread-
ful fellow,
And all the kings and dukes must dance around
this Punchinello!

Nor was the joke forgotten, nor was the fun the
least
In brilliant, bright Vienna, the Paris of the
East!
There, by the rushing Danube, and in the shady
Prater,
The peasant played the patriot, and the student
played the martyr;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Then rang St. Stephen's arches with shouts of
bloody revel,
While the altar steps were stained with the orgies
of the Devil!

And though the Emperor Ferdinand frowned on
his Kaiser-stadt,
And called the frolic treason, and rebellion, and
all that;
And though he sent an army for the public taste
to cater,
And shot poor Printer Blum for playing legislator;
Yet, after all, he could not keep from giving up
himself,
So he dances from his throne, and his crown is
on the shelf!

But the Carnival is always the merriest at Rome,
In the shadow of the Pincian and St. Peter's
gorgeous dome;
While half the world is merry, shall they join
the other half?

O no, the Romans only wait to have a louder laugh!
Around the Quirinal they cry, "Shall other lands
outvie us?"

Come out and join the Carnival, thou reverend
Father Pius!"

THE CARNIVAL OF 1848

O, when his turn was come, who joins the Car-
nival quicker
Than the Pontifex Supremus, and universal
Vicar?

Not long it takes his Holiness to practise the
deceiver,
He doffs the saintly cassock, and he dons the
modern beaver,
And whirls in footman's livery, and past his pal-
ace gates,
Through the *Porta San Giovanni*, and beyond the
Papal states.

So goes this merry Carnival, and who of us that
guesses
Where it will stop or what 'twill do in all its
wild excesses?
But it's evident there's something in the joke
that's very taking,
For with its fun old Europe in all her sides is
shaking;
And surely to good democrats the joke is not
amiss,
That the sovereigns of the last year are the har-
lequins of this!

THE NEW ARGONAUTS

To-DAY the good ship sails !
Across the sparkling sea,
To-day the northern gales
Are blowing swift and free ;
Speed, speed her distant way
To that far land of gold ;
A richer prize we seek than they,
The Argonauts of old !

Who goes with us ? Who quits the tiresome
shore,

And sails where Fortune beckons him away ;
Where in that marvellous land, in virgin ore,
The wealth of years is gathered in a day ?
Here, toil and trouble are our portion still,
And still with want our weary work is paid,
Slowly the shillings drop into the till,
Small are the profits of our tedious trade ;

THE NEW ARGONAUTS

There, Nature proffers with unstinted hands

The countless wealth the wide domain confines,
Sprinkles the mountain streams with golden
sands,

And calls the adventurer to exhaustless mines.
Come, then, with us ! What are the charms of
home ?

What are the ties of friends or kindred worth ?
Thither, O thither, let our footsteps roam,
There is the Eden of our fallen earth !

Well do we hold the fee of those broad lands
Wrested from feebler hands,

By our own sword and spear ;
Well may the weeping widow be consoled,
And orphaned hearts their ceaseless grief with-
hold ;

Well have our brothers shed their life-blood
here,

Say, could we purchase at a price too dear
These boundless acres of uncounted gold ?

Come, then ! it is to-day,
To-day the good ship sails,
And swift upon her way
Blow out the northern gales ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

A twelvemonth more, and we
Our homeward course shall hold,
With richer freight within than theirs,
The Argonauts of old !

Alas for honest labor, from honest ends averted !
Alas for firesides left, and happy homes deserted !
Brightly the bubble glitters ; bright in the distance

The land of promise gleams,
But ah, the phantom fortunes of existence
Live but in dreams !

Behold the end afar—

Beyond the bright deceptive cloud,
Beneath what dim, malignant star,
Sails on the eager crowd !

Some in mid-ocean lie ;

Some gain the wished-for shore
And grasp the golden ore,

But sicken as they grasp, and, where they sicken,
die !

There have they found, beside the mountain
streams,

On desolate crags where the wild eagle screams,
In dark ravines where Western forests wave,

Gold and a grave !

THE NEW ARGONAUTS

Some for the spendthrift's eager touch ;
 Some for the miser's hoarded store ;
Some for the robber's grasp, the murderer's
 clutch,
 Heap up the precious ore,
Dear bought with life's lost strength, and the
 heart's withered core !

 O cursed love of gold !
 Age follows age,
And still the world's slow records are unrolled
 Page after page ;
 And the same tale is told,
The same unholy deeds the same sad scenes un-
 fold !
Where the assassin's knife is sharpened,
 In the dark ;
Where lies the murdered man in the midnight,
 Cold and stark ;
Where the slave groans and quivers under
 The driver's lash ;
Where the keen-eyed son of trade is bartering
 Honor for cash ;
Where the sons wish the fathers dead, of their
 wealth

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

To be partakers ;
Where the maiden of sixteen weds the old man
For his acres ;
Where the gambler stakes his all on the last throw
Of the dice ;
Where the statesman for his country and its glory
Sets a price !
There are thy altars reared, thy trophies told,
O cursed love of gold !

THE GRAVEYARD AT WEST POINT

ON this sweet Sabbath morning, let us wander
From the loud music and the gay parade,
Where sleeps the graveyard, in its silence, yonder,
Deep in the mountain shade.

There, side by side, the dark, green cedars cluster,
Like sentries watching by that camp of Death;
There, like an army's tents, with snow-white
lustre,
The gravestones gleam beneath.

But, as we go, no posted guard or picket
Stays our approach across the level grass,
Nor hostile challenge at the simple wicket
Through which our footsteps pass.

Sweet spot, by Nature's primal consecration,
Sacred to peace and thought and calm repose,
Well in thy breast that elder generation
Their place of burial chose.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

And well, to-day, whene'er the sad procession
 Moves o'er the plain, with slow and measured
 tread,
Within thy silent and secure possession
 The living leave the dead.

Few are the graves, for here no populous city
 Feeds, with its myriad lives, the hungry Fates,
While hourly funerals, led by grief or pity,
 Crowd through the open gates.

Here Death is rarer, yet full many a token
 Tells of his presence, on these grassy slopes—
The slab, the stone, the shaft, half reared and
 broken,
 Symbol of shattered hopes.

Here sleep brave men who, in the deadly quarrel,
 Fought for their country, and their life-blood
 poured,
Above whose dust she carves the deathless laurel,
 Wreathing the victor's sword.

And here the young cadet, in manly beauty,
 Borne from the tents which skirt those rocky
 banks,

THE GRAVEYARD AT WEST POINT

Called from life's daily drill and perilous duty
To these unbroken ranks.

Here too the aged man, the wife, the maiden,
Together hushed, as on His faithful breast
Who cried, "Come hither, all ye heavy-laden,
And I will give you rest!"

And little gravestones through the grass are
gleaming,
Sown, like the lilies, over forms as fair,
Of whom, to-day, what broken hearts are dream-
ing,
Through Sabbath song and prayer.

Peace to the sleepers! may the bud and blos-
som,
Spring's early bloom and Summer's sweet in-
crease,
Fail not, while Nature, on her tender bosom,
Folds them and whispers, Peace!

And here at last who could not rest contented ;
Beneath—the river, with its tranquil flood,
Around—the breezes of the morning, scented
With odors from the wood ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Above—the eternal hills, their shadows blending
 With morn and noon and twilight's deepening
 pall,
And overhead—the infinite heavens, attending
 Until the end of all!

F. B. C.

CHANCELLORSVILLE, MAY 3, 1863

HE was our noblest, he was our bravest and best !

Tell me the post that the bravest ever have
filled.

The front of the fight ! It was his. For the
rest—

Read the list of the killed.

On the crown of the ridge, where the sulphurous
crest

Of the battle-wave broke, in its thunder and
flame,

While his country's badge throbbed with each
beat of his breast,

He faced death when it came.

His battery planted in front, the Brigadier cried,

“Who commands it?” as fiercely the foe
charged that way ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Then how proudly our gallant Lieutenant re-
plied,
"I command it to-day !"

There he stood by his guns ; stout heart, noble
form ;
Home and its cherished ones never, never so
dear,
Round him the whirlwind of battle, through the
wild storm,
Duty never so clear.

Duty, the life of his life, his sole guiding star,
The best joy of his being, the smile that she
gave,
Her call the music by which he marched to the
war,
Marched to a soldier's grave.

Too well aimed, with its murderous, demon-like
hiss,
To his heart the swift shot on its errand has
flown—
Call it rather the burning, impetuous kiss
With which Fame weds her own !

F. B. C.

There he fell on the field, the flag waving above,
Faith blending with joy in his last parting
breath,
To his Saviour his soul, to his country the love
That was stronger than death.

Ah, how sadly, without him, we go on our way,
Speaking softer the name that has dropped
from our prayers ;
But as we tell the tale to our children to-day,
They shall tell it to theirs.

He is our hero, ever immortal and young,
With her martyrs his land clasps him now to
her breast,
And with theirs his loved name shall be honored
and sung,
Still our bravest and best !

DOBBS HIS FERRY

A LEGEND OF THE LOWER HUDSON

THE days were at their longest,
The heat was at its strongest,
When Brown, old friend and true,
Wrote thus: "Dear Jack, why swelter
In town when shade and shelter
Are waiting here for you?
Quit Bulls and Bears and gambling,
For rural sports and rambling
Forsake your Wall Street tricks;
Come without hesitation,
Check to Dobbs' Ferry Station,
We dine at half-past six."

I went—a welcome hearty,
A merry country party,
A drive, and then croquet,
A quiet, well-cooked dinner,
Three times at billiards winner—
The evening sped away;

DOBBS HIS FERRY

When Brown, the dear old joker,
Cried, "Come, my worthy broker,
The hour is growing late ;
Your room is cool and quiet,
As for the bed, just try it,
Breakfast at half-past eight."

I took Brown's hand, applauded
His generous care, and lauded
Dobbs' Ferry to the skies.
A shade came o'er his features—
"We should be happy creatures,
And this a paradise,
But, ah ! the deep disgrace is,
This loveliest of places
A vulgar name should blight !
But, death to Dobbs ! we'll change it,
If money can arrange it,
So, pleasant dreams ; good-night !"

I could not sleep, but, raising
The window, stood, moon-gazing,
In fairy-land a guest ;
"On such a night," *et cetera*—
See Shakespeare for much better a
Description of the rest—

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

I mused, how sweet to wander
Beside the river, yonder ;
And then the sudden whim
Seized me my head to pillow
On Hudson's sparkling billow,
A midnight, moonlight swim !

Soon thought and soon attempted ;
At once my room was emptied
Of its sole occupant ;
The roof was low, and easily,
In fact, quite Japanese-ily,
I took the downward slant ;
Then, without stay or stopping,
My first and last eaves-dropping,
By leader-pipe I sped,
And through the thicket gliding,
Down the steep hill-side sliding,
Soon reached the river's bed.

But what was my amazement—
The fair scene from the casement,
How changed ! I could not guess
Where track or rails had vanished,
Town, villas, station, banished—
All was a wilderness—

DOBBS HIS FERRY

Only one ancient gable,
A low-roofed inn and stable,
A creaking sign displayed,
An antiquated wherry,
Below it—"DOBBS HIS FERRY"—
In the clear moonlight swayed.

I turned, and there the craft was,
Its shape 'twixt scow and raft was,
Square ends, low sides, and flat;
And, standing close beside me,
An ancient chap who eyed me,
Beneath a steeple-hat;
Short legs—long pipe—style very
Pre-Revolutionary—
I bow, he grimly bobs;
Then, with some perturbation,
By way of salutation,
Says I, "How are you, Dobbs?"

He grum and silent beckoned,
And I, in half a second,
Scarce knowing what I did,
Took the stern seat, Dobbs throwing
Himself 'midships, and rowing,
Swift through the stream we slid;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

He pulled awhile, then stopping,
And both oars slowly dropping,
His pipe aside he laid,
Drew a long breath, and taking
An attitude, and shaking
His fist towards shore, thus said :

“ Of all sharp cuts the keenest,
Of all mean turns the meanest,
Vilest of all vile jobs,
Worse than the Cow-Boy pillagers
Are these Dobbs’ Ferry villagers
A-going back on Dobbs !
’Twould not be more anom’lous
If Rome went back on Rom’lus
(Old rum-un like myself),
Or Hail Columbia, played out
By Southern Dixie, laid out
Columbus on the shelf !

“ They say ‘ Dobbs ’ ain’t melodious,
It’s ‘ horrid,’ ‘ vulgar,’ ‘ odious,’
In all their crops it sticks ;
And then the worse addendum
Of ‘ Ferry ’ does offend ’em
More than it’s vile prefix.

DOBBS HIS FERRY

Well, it does seem distressing,
But if I'm good at guessing,
Each one of these same nobs,
If there was money in it,
Would ferry in a minute,
And change his name to Dobbs !

“That's it, they're not partic'lar.
Respecting the auric'lar,
At a stiff market rate ;
But Dobbs' especial vice is,
That he keeps down the prices
Of all their real estate !
A name so unattractive
Makes villa-sites inactive,
And spoils the broker's jobs ;
They think that speculation
Would rage at 'Paulding's Station,'
Which stagnates now at 'Dobbs.'

“‘Paulding's' — that's sentimental !
An old Dutch Continental,
Bushwhacked up there a spell ;
But why he should come blustering
Round here, and filibustering,
Is more than I can tell ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Sat playing for a wager,
And nabbed a British major.

Well, if the plans and charts
From André's boots he hauled out,
Is his name to be bawled out
Forever, round these parts?

"Guess not! His pay and bounty
And mon'ment from the county

Paid him off, every cent,
While this snug town and station,
To every generation,

Shall be Dobbs' monument;
Spite of all speculators
And ancient-landmark traitors,

Who, all along this shore,
Are ever substitutin'
The modern, highfalutin,
For the plain names of yore.

"Down there, on old Manhattan,
Where land-sharks breed and fatten,

They've wiped out Tubby Hook.
That famous promontory,
Renowned in song and story,
Which time nor tempest shook,

DOBBS HIS FERRY

Whose name for aye had been good,
Stands newly christened 'Inwood,'
And branded with the shame
Of some old rogue who passes
By dint of aliases,
Afraid of his own name !

"See how they quite outrival,
Plain barn-yard Spuyten Duyvil,
By peacock Riverdale,
Which thinks all else it conquers,
And over homespun Yonkers
Spreads out its flaunting tail !
There's new-named Mount St. Vincent,
Where each dear little inn'cent
Is taught the Popish rites ;
Well, ain't it queer, wherever
These saints possess the river
They get the finest sites !

"They've named a place for Irving,
A trifle more deserving
Than your French, foreign saints,
But if he has such mention,
It's past my comprehension
Why Dobbs should cause complaints ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Wrote histories and such things,
About Old Knick and Dutch things,
Dolph Heyligers and Rips;
But no old antiquary,
Like him, could keep a ferry,
With all his authorships!

“By aid of these same showmen,
Some fanciful cognomen
Old Cro’nest stock might bring
As high as Butter Hill is,
Which, patronized by Willis,
Leaves cards now as ‘Storm-King!’
Can’t some poetic swell-beau
Rechristen old Crum Elbow
And each prosaic bluff,
Bold Breakneck gently flatter,
And Dunderberg bespatter,
With euphony and stuff!

“’Twould be a *magnum opus*
To bury old Esopus
In Time’s sepulchral vaults,
Or in Oblivion’s deep sea
Submerge renowned Poughkeepsie,
And also ancient Paltz;

DOBBS HIS FERRY

How it would give them rapture
Brave Stony Point to capture,
And make it face about;
Bid Rhinebeck sound much smother
Than in the tongue of Luther,
And wipe the Catskills out!

“ Well, DOBBS is DOBBS, and faster
Than pitch or mustard plaster
Shall it stick hereabouts,
While Tappan Sea rolls yonder,
Or round High Torn the thunder
Along these ramparts shouts.
No corner-lot banditti,
Or brokers from the city—
Like you—” Here Dobbs began
Wildly both oars to brandish,
As fierce as old Miles Standish,
Or young Phil Sheridan.

Sternwards he rushed—I, ducking,
Seized both his legs, and chucking
Dobbs sideways, splash he went—
The wherry swayed, then righted,
While I, somewhat excited,
Over the water bent;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Three times he rose, but vainly
I clutched his form ungainly,
 He sank, while sighs and sobs
Beneath the waves seemed muttered,
And all the night-winds uttered
 In sad tones, "Dobbs ! Dobbs ! Dobbs !"

Just then some giant bowlders
Upon my head and shoulders
 Made sudden, fearful raids,
And on my face and forehead,
With din and uproar horrid,
 Came several Palisades ;
I screamed, and woke, in screaming,
To see, by gas-light's gleaming,
 Brown's face above my bed :
"Why, Jack ! what is the matter ?
We heard a dreadful clatter
 And found you on the shed !

"It's plain enough, supposing
You sat there, moon-struck, dozing,
 Upon the window's edge,
Then lost yourself, and falling,
Just where we found you, sprawling,
 Struck the piazza ledge ;

DOBBS HIS FERRY

A lucky hit, old fellow,
Of black and blue and yellow
 It gives your face a touch,
You saved your neck, but barely;
To state the matter fairly,
 You took a drop too much !”

I took the train next morning,
Some lumps my nose adorning,
 My forehead, sundry knobs,
My ideas slightly wandering,
But, as I went, much pondering
 Upon my night with Dobbs;
Brown thinks it, dear old sinner,
A case of “after dinner,”
 And won’t believe a word;
Talks of “hallucination,”
“Laws of association,”
 And calls my tale “absurd.”

Perhaps it is, but never,
Say I, should we dissever
 Old places and old names;
Guard the old landmarks truly,
On the old altars duly
 Keep bright the ancient flames.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

For me, the face of Nature,
No luckless nomenclature
Of grace or beauty robs;
No, when of town I weary,
I'll make a strike in Erie,
And buy a place at DOBBS!

A GOLDEN WEDDING

C. B.—E. A. B.

1825. OCTOBER 10, 1875

“SPEECH is silver—silence gold,”
Fitly saith the proverb old ;
Yet, as oft the craftsman’s skill
Makes the fine gold finer still,
When its brightest beauty glows
In the forms his art bestows,
So the thoughts, whose silent sway
Rules in all our hearts to-day,
Haply may not suffer wrong
If I weave them into song.

Only once in fifty years
The Golden Wedding-day appears ;
Like a guest from far-off lands,
Knocking at the door he stands.
Ah ! how few the happy homes
Where his tardy footstep comes ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Ah ! how few can watch and wait
For a guest who comes so late.
Tears are on his wrinkled cheek—
Some are gone he fain would seek ;
Smiles are on his happy face—
All the living to embrace ;
Give him welcome, warm and bright,
For he tarries but a night,
With glad songs and garlands gay,
Hail the Golden Wedding-day.

Golden with the memories cast
O'er the still receding Past,
Backward, to the golden prime
Of the joyous bridal time,
When, from younger lips than now,
Gently breathed the marriage vow,
And the bridegroom and the bride,
Heart in heart, as side 'by side,
Saw the gates of life unfold
To the promised Age of Gold.

Golden with the noontide ray,
Beaming on their upward way,
Brightening toil and care and pain,
Good and ill and loss and gain ;

A GOLDEN WEDDING

Sometimes, through the stormy cloud,
Falling upon faces bowed,
Sorrow-stricken, in the dust,
Yet, with faith's unfaltering trust,
Looking from this earthly shore
For the loved ones gone before,
On whose sainted brows, to-day,
Lights of love and memory play.

Golden with the ties that bind
Loves and friendships here entwined;
Ties of kindred, near and dear,
Drawn more closely, year by year,
If still closer, 'twill be well;
Never doubt that "blood will tell."
Let it tell of duties done,
Trials met and victories won—
Loyal work for God and man,
Crowded into life's short span—
What are all things worth beside
Gold that in the fire is tried?

Golden in the hopes whose light
Makes life's evening calm and bright;
Here are home's endearing charms,
Love's encircling, sheltering arms;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

All that best old age attends—
“Honor, love, and troops of friends,”
Yet the brightest prospect lies,
Past the bound of earthly skies;
Home still fairer, love more fond,
Blessings here and bliss beyond!

Thus, in these October days,
Bright with Autumn's fleeting blaze,
As from this sweet solitude,
Looking forth, in tranquil mood,
Bride and bridegroom still, in heart,
Linked by ties that never part,
Watch the sun's declining light,
And, beyond the western height,
See his parting glories spread
Near and wide and overhead,
Through the sunset's golden glow,
Far around, above, below,
All things whisper with delight—
“Earth how fair and heaven how bright!”

A SILVER WEDDING

B. F. B.—E. G. B.

1885. NOVEMBER 8, 1890

Off in other days and climes
Have I heard the silver chimes
Of some high cathedral tower,
Ringing out the passing hour,
With their soft and rhythmic flow,
Like a streamlet murmuring low,
Rising, swelling, clear and strong,
Soaring like a seraph's song,
Caught from some bright sphere on high,
Chanted between Earth and Sky.

From the lofty tower of Time
Rings to-night a silver chime,
Down the years its murmur swells,
The melody of marriage bells;
Round this roof-tree softly floats
The ripple of its dulcet notes,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Bringing back with memories bright
Visions of the wedding-night;
Sweetest thoughts their music lend,
Vows are plighted, prayers ascend,
Love's gay carols fill the air,
While the young and happy pair
Pass the gate of wedded life,
Bride and bridegroom—man and wife.

As the day comes round again,
In the garland woven then,
Worn through all the changing years,
Not a withered leaf appears;
Still with bridegroom and with bride
Peace and trust and joy abide,
Bright love's dawning, but more bright
Is its calm, meridian height;
Now as then, along their way
Brightest lights of friendship play,
Rarest joy, their children stand
Round them, an unbroken band;
Manly forms are by their side,
Sons well worth a parent's pride,
Shapely arrows, straight and strong,
Of whom saith the Psalmist's song,

A SILVER WEDDING

Happy is the man who sees
His own quiver full of these.
Blessings be on all the boys
In their struggles, toils, and joys,
Here or absent, everywhere,
May their lives be true and fair,
True to manhood's lofty trust,
Loyal, patient, brave, and just.
Blessings too on her who clings
Underneath these sheltering wings,
As a nestling flower which grows
Screened from every wind that blows.
Father's love and mother's care
Long may this sweet flowret share,
Wealth of brother's love untold,
Wreathed and woven sevenfold.

In this happy time and place,
As our thoughts the Past retrace,
Ah, what vanished forms are these
Crowding all our memories !
Loved and loving, lost to sight,
All are with us here to-night.
Close beside us where we stand
Joy and Grief come hand in hand.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

If on Joy's too radiant brow
Grief must cast her shadow now,
Yet on Grief's pale cheek will fall
Joy's soft beam that shines for all,
And their faces both are bright,
Lit with Love's undying light.

Him our reverent thoughts recall,
Dear to many, known of all,
In whose name such memories blend,
Sire and grandsire, father, friend.
Two and twenty years to-day
Since he left his house of clay,
Yet how near he seems to-night,
Voice as tender, eye as bright,
All the pure and saintly grace,
All the charm of form and face,
All the love his heart could give,
All his life, with us still live.

And one living sire we greet,
Gracing here the patriarch's seat ;
Honors fitly won and worn
Well his veteran brow adorn,
Master of the healing art,
Wise in counsel, warm in heart,

A SILVER WEDDING

In whose genial nature glows
Summer sun through winter snows,
Long may heavenly Love delay
The sunset of his golden day!

Thus do Memory's silver chimes
Chant our sad, our joyous times;
Soft the note of sadness falls,
Loud the happy chorus calls,
And we linger, nothing loth,
While we listen to them both,
Catching in their sweet refrain,
Borne on each receding strain,
As they faint and fainter grow,
This sweet lesson they bestow,
That these earthly ties of love
Have their source, their end, above.

Here the seed, the germ, the shoot,
There the ripe and perfect fruit;
Here the bud that blooms an hour,
There the bright, consummate flower;
Here scant joys and sorrows rude,
There the full beatitude;
Here brief days that bring the night,
There unending love and light!

IN MEMORIAM. T. S. K.

O RARE and radiant life, whose mission here,
Like some strong Angel's, winged with love
divine,
Waited on human woe, to heal and cheer,
What high, unselfish, tireless zeal was thine;
To fan, with tender care, the flickering spark
Of waning reason and the shattered will,
To find the missing clew, where all was dark,
And guide to hope and light with patient skill;
True pity thine which clasped each clouded heart,
Nor on the lowliest ever looked askant,
Swaying distempered minds with sovereign art,
Gentle as woman, firm as adamant;
Nor less shall memory keep the tranquil grace
Of look and tone and bearing, staid and calm,
The sweet serenity of form and face,
Home's dearest solace, friendship's kindest
balm.

IN MEMORIAM. T. S. K.

By this new grave no broken shaft we rear,
Thy finished work has followed thee above,
One step from duty, midst the shadows here,
To the full sunshine of eternal Love!

Christmas, 1883

COLUMBUS

1492—OCTOBER 21—1892

WESTWARD Columbus steered, while, day by day,
On Toscanelli's chart he traced the way
Across the Sea of Darkness, to Cathay.

Sure of his goal where others dimly guessed,
No doubt disturbed him in his certain quest
For the known Orient in the unknown West.

If Asia girds the solid globe around,
With its vast bulk, somewhere its Eastern bound
Beyond the untracked Ocean must be found.

His day-dream this, through all the weary strain
Of hope deferred and succor sought in vain,
The slights of sovereigns and the world's disdain.

No day-dream now ; *Santa Maria's* keel
Ploughs the main sea to shores that shall reveal
New realms for Christ, Columbus, and Castille.

COLUMBUS

There, at his touch, shall India's gates unfold,
As in the tale that Marco Polo told,
The Magi's wealth of spices, gems, and gold.

Himself the lord of all the vast domain,
Viceroy of vassal kingdoms, won for Spain,
Trophies, unmatched, of Isabella's reign.

Then shall his vow be paid, with unsheathed
sword,
To lead, beneath the banner of his Lord,
A new crusade against the Moslem horde.

What though his scattered barks are tossed and
blown
By every wind that sweeps the storm-girt zone,
And all hearts fail for fear, except his own ;

While traitorous lips on each frail caravel
Curse the mad whim which lured, with wizard
spell,
To outer darkness and the jaws of Hell ;

Fixed as the polar star, above the swarm
Of craven comrades, towers his lofty form,
Steadfast, immovable, in calm and storm.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

His boundless faith, like the broad sea he sailed,
Compassed with clouds, with angry blasts assailed,
Was fed by mighty streams which never failed.

His hour of eager hope, when through the night,
On his lone watch, a far-off, flickering light
Flashed, like a beacon, on his startled sight.

His hour of triumph, when the air was stirred
With scented breeze and wing of forest bird,
And from aloft the cry of "Land!" was heard.

But not the land he sought; how strange the lot
By Fortune cast, his one bright page to blot;
He found the New World and he knew it not!

Nor ever knew; the throne of Kubla Khan
Four times he sought and then, beneath the ban
Of failure, died—a broken-hearted man.

The shores he gained were Asia's shores to him;
His later cup of Fame, filled to the brim,
He tasted not, nor even touched the rim.

But though he walked not in the full-orbed light
Of his own fame, and died without its sight,
Yet was he first in time and first in right—

COLUMBUS

The great Discoverer—whose soul of flame
Lighted the path for all who ever came
To this New World, which should have borne
his name.

Judge not by what he thought, but what he
did,
When, once for all, he rent the veil that hid
The Toltec shrine from Egypt's pyramid,

And entering in, the first of Pioneers,
For all Mankind and all the coming years,
Set face to face the sundered Hemispheres.

Not for Castille and Leon's narrow bound,
Nor for Grenada's sovereigns, doubly crowned,
Was the new Western World Columbus found.

Nor to the ancient Empires, crushed and rent
By wars and kingcraft, was his life-work spent
To add another blood-stained Continent :

Nor yet to plant anew his Latin race,
Whose conquering march, with fire and sword,
we trace
From Cuba's capes to Chimborazo's base,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Where Nature's sunlit sky and tropic hue
From distant Spain the bold adventurers drew
To graft the Old World stock upon the New.

Northward, the issue of his work outran
These narrow bounds, to shape the unfolding
plan
That to its goal uplifts the race of Man.

In grander realms than Cortes' iron hand
Snatched from the Aztecs, or Pizarro's band
From captive Incas wrung, with sword and brand,

To plant a New World State, full armed to cope
With Old World wrongs and girt with amplest
scope
For every human need and human hope.

Where all that Toil has gained, or Truth has
taught,
And all the victories won where Freedom fought,
Forever crown the work Columbus wrought.

And if, to-day, it is our right to claim
The full inheritance of his great fame
And bid the whole World welcome in his name,

COLUMBUS

Blent with our loftiest note of praise shall soar—
A distant echo from a far-off shore—
His first TE DEUM at San Salvador.

OLD AND NEW

THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION

1847—JANUARY 13—1897

Is that oft uttered adage true—
“The Old is better than the New”—
Old ways, old wines, old friends, old books,
The ancient haunts, the time-worn nooks
With Memory’s twilight overcast,
Where visions of a vanished Past
Bring back, in all its mellow glow,
The Golden Age of long ago?

Or is it wiser to be told—
“The New is better than the Old”—
New schemes, new arts, new creeds, new men,
New themes for pencil, tongue, and pen,
New depths, new heights, where Thought ex-
plores,
Or Science delves, or Genius soars,
While the New Woman leads the van,
New crowned with all the rights of Man?

OLD AND NEW

To-night our golden milestone stands
A mark between two border lands;
A point where parting ways divide,
With "Old" and "New" on either side;
The New with eager hope we grasp,
Yet keep the Old with tender clasp;
As some worn pilgrim in his quest
Stops by a wayside shrine to rest,
Before the sacred symbols bows,
And tells his beads and breathes his vows,
We pause to-night and linger here
To count our decades, year by year,
Till as the lengthened lines unfold
A full half century is told.

One longing, backward glance we cast,
A search-light through the midnight Past,
Revealing in its quickening rays
The friendships of departed days,
While Fancy's gleam and Memory's grace
Restore each once familiar face;
A silent multitude—and thus
No message comes from them to us,
Yet, like a tuneful requiem,
A greeting goes from us to them—

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

"Hail, Comrades all!" from lip to lip,
This pledge of old companionship,
From heart to heart, this whisper low,
Forth through the wintry night shall flow,
From star to star, from space to space,
To some diviner dwelling-place.

Foremost before my mental sight
Three noble forms appear to-night;
Chieftains of our Centurion band,
Like David's mightiest three they stand
(Those heroes without spot or stain
To whom the rest could not attain),
And of what time they ruled of old
Our Book of Chronicles has told.

And first, the grave and genial Sage
Whose judgments on the stately page
Of sovereign Law still rule to-day
And all unchallenged hold their sway;
Fit with the worthiest to stand
Of his ancestral Fatherland,
He loved with ours his life to blend,
In evening hours a fireside friend,
And gave the world, with patient toil,
Fresh flowers of thought from ancient soil,

OLD AND NEW

Fair garlands which entwine his name,
In lasting bands, with Shakespear's fame.

And next, with aspect calm, severe,
Our Poet, Oracle and Seer,
Of whom to sing, my faltering lines
Should catch the breath of forest pines,
The music of the mountain rills,
And strength of the eternal hills;
Who taught, in loftiest speech and song,
The love of Right, the hate of Wrong,
Who stood, in all the storm and stress
Of evil days, for Righteousness;
Whose hand upheld the hand that gave
The gift of Freedom to the Slave;
Nor lost in his declining days
The Minstrel's skill, the prophet's gaze,
And tuned to breathe our Mother-tongue
The sounding harp that Homer strung.

Last of the three, and latest spared
In the long life which once he shared
With us, in manhood's fullest prime,
Undimmed by age, untouched by Time,
With insight keen and courage bold
The truth to seek and sift and hold,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

The kindling eye, the thrilling tone,
The cordial grasp, were all his own;
Scholar and Statesman, on whose brow
A world-wide homage hovers now;
To him the Muse of History brought,
With brightening face, the task he wrought
To trace, beneath her guiding hand,
The annals of his native Land,
And in majestic outlines draw
The forms of Liberty and Law.

Nor shall these honored memories die
As days glide on and years go by;
As once from Athens' lofty crown
The sculptured gods of Greece looked down
To guard the mariners who gave
Their barks to the Ægean wave,
They watch us still as sailing on
We leave behind *our* Parthenon.
To-night we shape our course once more
Where Life's broad ocean spreads before;
Some with stanch keels for storms and
 blasts,
Some with rent sails and shattered masts;
Some with full-freighted argosies
And canvas spread for Fortune's breeze;

OLD AND NEW

Some strained and bent and worn away
By Time's invisible decay ;
Yet may it be for every one
As to that brave Centurion,
When to his wind-swept deck he clung
And to the waves the tackling flung,
In the wild hour of wreck to hear,
Above the storm, this word of cheer
From Faith's inspired, prophetic lip,
"No loss but only of the ship !"

OUR FIFTY-FIFTH

1848—MAY 27—1897

OUR FIFTY-FIFTH! Since first, in '43,
Proud to possess a Bachelor's degree
And flushed with triumphs of Commencement
Day

We sought, downtown, at Barclay and Broadway,
The old "American," by Cozzens kept—
Long since to ruin and oblivion swept—
And there, with speech and song and all good
cheer,

Pledged one another that each coming year,
Gathered around the festive board, should see
The unexampled Class of '43.

That day and this long years have rolled be
tween,

Our thirty-two have dwindled to thirteen,
And yet the pledge we gave as youngsters then
Has been well kept and now nine loyal men,

OUR FIFTY-FIFTH

True to its mandate, gather as of yore,
Send our best greetings to the absent four,
Relight the camp-fire as in earlier days,
Fan its faint embers into heat and blaze,
And call the roll which grimly seems to say,
"The boys of old are grandsires of to-day."
Too true; we linger waiting on the shore
From which our comrades all have gone before,
With short farewells, and while their forms we
miss
We gaze beyond to brighter scenes than this.

Here as old friendships breathe their ancient
vows,
And lights of Memory bathe our wrinkled brows,
No place is left for sighs or vain regrets,
The Star of Being never pales or sets;
Old age is not life *spent*, but life *possessed*,
The golden grain in the full measure pressed
And overflowing in its ample store,
So that to him who hath is given more.
"Happy the man," the Roman bard could say,
"Whose word at night is 'I have lived to-
day!'"
In Life's calm evening, happier still is he
Who can exclaim, "I hold the Past in fee."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

For us what wealth these vanished years have
brought

In all the spheres of Earthly deed and thought ;
In great events that still our memories stir,
All which we saw, and part of which we were ;
In the strange marvels of inventive skill,
In succor brought to every woe and ill,
In all the onward march of Truth and Right,
In Slavery slain in Freedom's deadliest fight,
In the new dawn whose radiant promise lights
Our Alma Mater on her regal Heights,
In Thought's unfettered flight and boundless
scope,

In all the loftier reach of human hope,
And grand unfoldings of the perfect plan
Of Love Divine for all the Race of Man.
Nor least, to-night, the hidden treasure grasped
As eye meets eye and hand in hand is clasped ;
Untouched by Time, its lustre all undimmed,
Our loving-cup with its full wealth is brimmed ;
Safe for the future, if we meet or part,
Kept in the inmost shrine of every heart ;
Come good or evil days, come peace or strife,
Come gain or bitter loss, come death or life,
Whatever change may be, or chance befall,
This bond of friendship shall survive them all !

UHLAND
WITH TRANSLATIONS

UHLAND

It is the poet Uhland, from whose wreathings
Of rarest harmony I here repeat,
In lower tones and less melodious breathings,
Some simple strains where truth and passion
meet.

His is the poetry of sweet expression,
Of clear, unfaltering tune, serene and strong ;
Where gentlest thoughts and words, in soft procession,
Move to the even measures of his song.

Delighting ever in his own calm fancies,
He sees much beauty where most men see
naught,
Looking at Nature with familiar glances,
And weaving garlands in the groves of
Thought.

UHLAND

He sings of Youth, and Hope, and high Endeavor,
He sings of Love—the crown of Poesy!—
Of Fate, and Sorrow, and the Grave, forever
The end of strife, the goal of Destiny.

He sings of Fatherland, the minstrel's glory,
High theme of memory and hope divine,
Twining its fame with gems of antique story,
In Suabian songs and legends of the Rhine;

In ballads breathing many a dim tradition,
Nourished in long belief, or minstrel rhymes,
Fruit of the old Romance, whose gentle mission
Passed from the earth before our wiser times.

Well do they know his name among the moun-
tains,
And plains, and valleys of his native land;
Part of their nature are the sparkling fountains
Of his clear thought, with rainbow fancies
spanned.

His simple lays oft sings the mother cheerful,
Beside the cradle, in the dim twilight;
His plaintive notes low breathes the maiden tearful
With tender murmurs in the ear of Night.

UHLAND

The hillside swain, the reaper in the meadows,
Carol his ditties through the toilsome day ;
And the lone hunter in the Alpine shadows
Recalls his ballads by some ruin gray.

O precious gift ! O wondrous inspiration !
Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things,
To be the oracle, while a whole nation
Catches the echo from the sounding strings.

Out of the depths of feeling and emotion
Rises the orb of song, serenely bright,
As who beholds, across the tracts of ocean,
The golden sunrise bursting into light.

Wide is its magic world—divided neither
By continent, nor sea, nor narrow zone ;
Who would not wish sometimes to travel thither,
In fancied fortunes to forget his own !

THE BEGGAR

A BEGGAR through the world so wide,
I wander all alone ;
Yet once a brighter fate was mine,
In days that long have flown.

Within my father's house I grew,
A happy child and free ;
But ah ! the heritage of want
Is all he left to me.

The gardens of the rich I view,
The fields with bounty spread ;
My path is through the fruitless way
Where toil and sorrow tread.

And yet, amidst the joyous throng,
The joys of all I share,
With willing heart I wait, and hide
My secret load of care.

THE BEGGAR

O blessed God ! I am not left
An exile from thy love ;
On all the world thy smiles descend
In mercy from above.

In every valley still I find
The temples of thy grace,
Where organ notes and choral songs
With music fill the place.

For me the sun, the moon, the stars,
Reveal their holy rays,
And when the vespers call to prayer,
My heart ascends in praise.

Some time I know the gates of bliss
Will open to the blest,
And I, in marriage garments clad,
Shall rise a welcome guest.

THE SHEPHERD

BENEATH the palace of the king
The gentle shepherd went;
The lady looked with longing eyes
Down from the battlement.

She threw to him a gentle word—
“Would I might go to thee,
Where on the plain the snow-white flocks,
And bright red flowers I see!”

Thereto the shepherd made reply—
“O, wouldst thou come to me,
More white would gleam those arms of thine,
More bright thy cheeks would be!”

And now each morn with lingering step,
Still as he passed the place,
He looked with earnest eyes until
He saw the lady's face.

THE SHEPHERD

“O welcome ! welcome ! princess fair,”

Then cried he joyfully ;

And soft her gentle answer fell—

“Sweet shepherd, thanks to thee.”

The winter fled, the spring appeared,

The flowers were fresh and fair,

The shepherd by the palace came,

The lady was not there.

Sadly his welcome strove to rise,

Sadly the echo fell,

And soft a spirit whisper sighed—

“Sweet shepherd, fare thee well.”

THE MOURNFUL TOURNAMENT

With shield and spear apace they ride,
Seven knights all true and bold,
For the king's fair daughter
A tournament to hold.

Hark ! the bells are tolling, tolling,
Over the castle wall ;
As they enter, see the tapers
Burning in the lofty hall.

Sweet Adelheid, the princess fair,
Lieth in death's cold sleep ;
At her head the old king watches,
Watches but to weep.

Then out spake proud Degenwerth—
“Loud must I complain ;
Vainly have I girt my steed,
Borne shield and spear in vain.”

THE MOURNFUL TOURNAMENT

Answered him young Adelbert—

“There needs not this lament,

The daughter of the king is worth

Always a tournament.”

Quoth bold Sir Walther : “Rather far

Our steps be homeward led ;

Small honor waits to crown their war

Who battle for the dead.”

Cried Adelbert : “Well is she dead ;

There liveth none so fair

To wear her wreath of roses red,

Her golden ring to wear.”

Forthwith these seven knights so bold

Rode out upon the plain ;

Hard was the strife, until, at last,

Six of the seven were slain.

The seventh was young Adelbert,

The victor over all,

He lighted pale from off his steed,

And paced the lofty hall.

x

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UHLAND

He took the wreath of roses red,
The golden ring as well,
Then quickly by the maiden's side,
As pale as she, he fell.

Hark ! the bells are tolling, tolling—
Wrapt in funeral weeds,
To the grave the heroes slain,
The mournful monarch leads ;

And with the conquering knight they bear
The gentle Adelheid,
Beneath one stone, in the cool earth
To slumber side by side.

1841

THE NUN

IN the silent cloister garden
Walked a maiden pale and young ;
Sadly shone the moon above her,
On her eyelash sparkling hung
A tear — 't was for her lover.

“ Yet 't was well, my own beloved,
Well that thou hast gone above ;
Now my heart is thine and purely,
For an angel I may love,
And thou art an angel surely.”

Thus with weary steps she wandered,
Till she reached the sacred place
Where the Virgin, pure and lowly,
Stood with features full of grace,
In the moonlight, calm and holy.

UHLAND

At her feet the maiden falleth,
Looking upward to the skies ;
In the morning there they found her,
Closed in death her gentle eyes,
And the black veil wrapped around her.

THE SHEPHERD'S SABBATH SONG

SEE, the Sabbath of the Lord
Sheds its holy beams abroad ;
At the breaking of the day,
In the fields afar I stray,
Through the distance, soft and clear,
Hark ! the matin bells I hear.

Silently in prayer I kneel,
Gently o'er my spirit steal
Holy awe and tender grief,
And a sacred, calm relief ;
Lord ! how many seen by thee
Are there kneeling now with me !

Lo ! the heavens near and far
Full of light and beauty are,
Seeming ready to reveal
All the glories they conceal ;
Thus the Sabbath of the Lord
Sheds its holy beams abroad !

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER

THERE rode through the country three gallants
so fine,

They came to the Landlady, hard by the Rhine.

“Landlady, hast thou good ale and good wine?
And how is that beautiful daughter of thine?”

“My ale and my wine are fresh and clear,
But my dear little daughter lies dead on her bier.”

And when they were come to the chamber within,
All cold in her coffin, the maiden was seen.

The first, from her face the death-veil he took,
And looked at her long with a sorrowful look;

“O, would thou wert living, wert living!” he said,
“Henceforth I had loved thee, thou beautiful
maid.”

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER

But the second, he covers the face once more,
Then turns from the sight and weepeth sore ;

“ Ah ! cold as thou liest there on thy bier,
I have loved thee, fair maiden, for many a year.”

But quickly the third, he raises the veil,
And kisses her mouth, so pale, so pale ;

“ I always have loved thee, I love thee to-day,
And I swear I will love thee, for ever and aye !”

THE WREATH

A CHILD through sunny meadows strolled,
And plucked the blossoms there;
A lady from the forest came—
A lady wondrous fair.

She wove a garland for the child,
And twined it on her brow;
“O wear it ever, it will bloom,
Although it blooms not now.”

Years fled, and when the maiden walked
Sadly, the moon beneath,
Weeping her earliest tears, there came
A blossom on the wreath.

And when within her lover's arms
A happy bride she stood,
How sweet and precious was the flower
That burst the opening bud!

THE WREATH

Soon with a mother's fearful joy,
She clasped a gentle child,
And through the garland's leafy sheen
Much golden fruit there smiled.

Alas ! her love went sadly down,
Lost in the cold, dark grave ;
Now wild in her dishevelled hair
The leaves of autumn wave.

She died—yet still, on her pale brow,
The faithful garland wore,
When, wonderful to see, behold,
Both fruit and flowers it bore !

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE

IN ancient times a castle stood, so proud and
loftily,
Across the land its splendor shone, across the
deep blue sea ;
Fair gardens bloomed around where precious
odors slept,
And in the rainbows gleaming, the sparkling
fountains leapt.

There reigned a fearful monarch, for lands and
wars renowned,
Pale on his throne he sat, with cruel purpose
crowned ;
Fierce passion clothed his thoughts and mingled
with his breath,
For all his glance was terror, and all his words
were death.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE

Unto this lordly castle two minstrels came one
day,
One fair, with golden locks, the other worn and
gray—
The old man with his harp, in all a minstrel's
pride,
Rode on his gallant steed, while walked the youth
beside.

Out spake the aged harper : " Make ready now,
my son,
Call all your powers together, and tune your
loftiest tone ;
Bid all your songs of joy or grief once more to
memory start,
For we perchance this day may move the mon-
arch's stony heart."

Now stand these gentle minstrels the lofty hall
within,
Upon his throne the monarch sits, and by his
side the queen ;
He clothed in fearful splendor, as gleams the
Northern Night,
She smiling soft and mild, as beams the full
moonlight.

UHLAND

The old man strikes the sounding chords, and
clear, and still more clear,
The tides of music gush, and break upon the
ear,
Like echoes from the grave his mighty song
ascends,
While heavenly sweet, between, the youth's soft
carol blends.

They sang of Spring and Love, the golden time
of youth,
Of Freedom, Faith, and Hope, of Holiness and
Truth,
Of all sweet things that soothe, and loftiest
things that can
Rouse into hero deeds the wondrous soul of
man.

The courtiers stand in circles, they leave the jest
unsaid ;
The warriors fierce and grim with reverence bow
the head ;
The queen is roused with rapture, then sinks in
dreamy rest,
And to the minstrels throws the rose from off
her breast.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE

The king with fury trembles ; in fiercest wrath he
cries,

“ Seek you to charm my court and queen before
my very eyes ? ”

Then at the youth his sword he hurls, swift
through his breast it gleams,

Thereout, instead of golden songs, the gushing
life-blood streams.

As by a whirlwind driven, the startled hearers
fly,

The youth within his master's arms breathes out
his latest sigh ;

The old man wraps his mantle around the quiv-
ering clay,

Then binds it upright on his steed and sadly
goes his way.

Outside the castle gates, before the wall he
stands,

And takes once more the wondrous harp within
his aged hands,

Then on a marble column dashes the trembling
strings,

And cries aloud while far around the solemn echo
rings :

UHLAND

“Woe to these halls of pride! no more shall
they resound
With melody or song, or music’s gentle sound;
Here sighs and groans shall echo, and slavish
footsteps fall,
Till burst the bolts of Fate, and ruin buries all.

“Woe to these blooming gardens! in the soft
light of May,
Behold this pallid face from which the life has
passed away;
Ye blossoms wither at the sight, ye streams forsake
your flow,
Give place to barren wastes where desert weeds
may grow!

“Woe, murderer, to thee! Curse of the minstrel
name!
Vain be thy strivings after the bloody wreath of
fame;
Breathed like a dying breath into the empty air,
Thy name be lost in silence, the night of death
to share.”

The old man’s voice is silent, the heavens have
heard his cry;
Long since, a heap of ruins, the lofty turrets lie;

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE

One shattered column stands alone the fatal tide
to breast,
Soon tottering to its fall, to moulder with the
rest.

Where once the gardens smiled a dreary desert
lies,
No tree with grateful shadows, no sparkling foun-
tains rise,
No legend tells the monarch's name, his fame no
lofty verse,
Forsaken and forgotten—this was the Minstrel's
Curse!

THE THREE SONGS

KING SIEGFRIED sat in his lofty hall ;
" Ye minstrels, who sings me the best song of
all ?"
And a youth stepped forth from the waiting
band,
His sword on his thigh, and his harp in his
hand.

" Three lays have I learned ; the first is a song,
Forgotten, King Siegfried, it may be too long ;
'Tis—Fouilly by thee my brother was slain,
Ay, fouilly by thee—I sing it again !

" Now list to the second ; I caught its wild tone
As I roamed through the dark, stormy midnight
alone ;
For life or for death, we must battle, we twain ;
For life or for death—I sing it again !"

THE THREE SONGS

Then down on the table he lays his harp,
And leap from the scabbards their swords so
sharp;
And long they fight, in the sight of all,
Till the King falls dead in the lofty hall.

“Now I sing the third song ; ’tis the best of the
three,
Nor soon shall its music grow tiresome to me ;
In his own red blood King Siegfried lies slain,
In his own red blood—I sing it again !”

THE KNIGHT OF SAINT GEORGE

I

BEFORE Saint Stephen of Gormaz,
Loud the brazen trumpets ring ;
'Tis where Ferdinand of Castile
Holds his camp, the valiant king !
Almanzor, the Moorish monarch,
From Cordova hastening down,
With a mighty host is marching,
To besiege the loyal town ;
Armed already, firmly mounted,
Waits the proud Castilian band,
While through all the ranks, impatient,
Rides the gallant Ferdinand.
"PASCAL VIVAS ! PASCAL VIVAS !
Pride of all the knightly race,
Wherefore, on the eve of battle,
Art thou wanting at thy place ?
Thou, who once to arm wast foremost ;
Foremost in the deadly fray,
Hear'st thou not the warlike trumpet,
And the battle-cry to-day ?

THE KNIGHT OF SAINT GEORGE

While the Christian ranks are fighting,
Shall they vainly seek thine aid?
Shall thy well-won trophies wither,
And thy laurels droop and fade?"

PASCAL VIVAS cannot hear him,
In the distant forest glade;
Where Saint George's holy chapel
Stands beneath the ancient shade.

At the gate his steed is waiting,
There his spear and shield recline,
While the knight, in silence kneeling,
Prays before the sacred shrine;

Buried in a deep devotion,
Thinks not of the distant war,
As its rising din is echoing
Through the forest depths afar;

Marks not now his steed's loud neighing,
As the tumult strikes his ears;
But Saint George, his Patron, watches,
And the distant battle hears.

From the clouds the Saint descending
Dons the armor of the knight,
Mounts the gallant steed, impatient,
Hastens onward to the fight.

Flashing through the fray, triumphant,
As the lightning from the sky,

UHLAND

See, he grasps Almanzor's banner,
And the Moorish squadrons fly !
PASCAL VIVAS' prayers are ended,
Now he seeks the cloister gate,
Where, as when at first he left them,
Steed, and spear, and armor wait.
Thoughtful towards the camp he hastens,
And he marvels much to see
That they come with shouts to greet him,
And the songs of victory :
"PASCAL VIVAS ! PASCAL VIVAS !
Hail to Castile's noblest son,
Welcome to the valiant victor
Who Almanzor's banner won !"
PASCAL VIVAS vainly wonders,
Fain would still the festive cries,
Humbly bows his head in silence,
Points in silence to the skies !

II

In her bower the Donna Julia
Lingers at the close of day ;
Fatiman, Almanzor's kinsman,
Comes and bears her thence away !

THE KNIGHT OF SAINT GEORGE

With his precious booty swiftly
Through the forest takes his flight,
Ten bold Moorish riders with him
Follow, armed for deadly fight.
On the second morning, early,
Now they gain the distant glade,
Where Saint George's holy chapel
Stands beneath the ancient shade.
In the distance, through the forest,
Well the sacred shrine is known,
By the Saint's proud form and lofty,
Sculptured in the solid stone,
As of old he fought the Dragon,
Closing in the fatal shock,
While the princess waits in terror,
Chained upon the cruel rock.
Weeping, and her fair hands wringing,
Donna Julia, at the sight,
Ories, "Saint George, thou heavenly warrior,
Save *me* from the Dragon's might!"
See, from out the chapel springing,
On his steed he comes, the brave,
In the breeze his locks so golden,
And his crimson mantle wave.
Fatal is his spear's encounter,
Fatiman, the Robber, dies—

UHLAND

As of old the slaughtered Dragon,
Bleeding on the earth he lies;
And his ten bold Moorish riders,
With a sudden, fearful cry,
Casting shields and lances from them,
Through the fatal forest fly.
On her knees, the Donna Julia
Scarce her weeping eyes can raise;
"Ah, Saint George! thou valiant saviour,
Thine forever be the praise!"
But a second glance she ventures,
And though fearful still and faint,
Strangest sight of all discovers,
PASCAL VIVAS is the Saint!

FOR THE CHILDREN

FROM "HOME POEMS"

Printed for private circulation, 1897

SUNBEAM AND SHADOW

I

SUNBEAM was a lovely child, her face was bright
as day,
Smiles sparkled in her clear blue eyes and in her
dimples lay ;
Her hands were always ready in every task to
aid,
Or join the merry circle where happy children
played ;
Her little feet through all the house went pat-
tering along,
With music in her ringing laugh and in her joy-
ous song ;
And every one who heard her would bless the
child and say,
"There goes our precious Sunbeam, so gentle,
good, and gay."

FOR THE CHILDREN

II

A little cousin Sunbeam had and Shadow was
her name,
Her years the same as Sunbeam's but her looks
were not the same ;
She wore a scowl upon her brow, I'm sure I don't
know why,
And a tear was always standing in the corner of
each eye ;
Her cheeks were often black with dirt, except
where through the black
The trickling tears made two straight lines just
like a railroad track ;
No sunny smile would ever play her little lips
about,
For her mouth was screwed and twisted into an
angry pout ;
Her hands and nails were very like a baby vul-
ture's claws,
And apt to tear and scratch, as a wild-cat's ugly
paws ;
Her feet went scuffling round the house when
work was to be done,
But led her into mischief as fast as she could run.

SUNBEAM AND SHADOW

III

To spend a week with Sunbeam once little
Shadow went,
Her clothes all washed and folded in a new trunk
were sent ;
The railroad tracks scrubbed from her cheeks
were there no longer seen,
The bird claws trimmed, and off she went, look-
ing for once quite clean.
Sweet Sunbeam, with a happy smile, stood wait-
ing at the door,
But Shadow pushed right past her—threw her
bonnet on the floor,
And never said “Good-morning,” or gave Sun-
beam a kiss—
Now did you ever hear of so rude a girl as this?
Then Sunbeam, greatly puzzled, picked the bon-
net up herself,
And went and laid it carefully upon a closet
shelf,
And running back to Shadow said, gently, “Come
with me
To see my nice new tea-set and you shall make
the tea,

FOR THE CHILDREN

And we will have a party, dear Shadow, come
and play—"
But Shadow scowled and pouted, and jerked her-
self away;
Then Sunbeam caught her in her arms and said,
"I think you might,"
While Shadow screamed, "You hurt me—what
makes you squeeze so tight?"
Then Sunbeam cried, "Excuse me, and now, dear
Shadow, please,
Just put your arms round *me* and show me how
to squeeze."
But Shadow rudely pushed her, and said, "I
won't—go 'way!"
So Sunbeam left her standing and went alone to
play,
And Shadow by and by came in and in the cor-
ner sat,
As though she loved the dark, like a blinking owl
or bat.

IV

Just then an organ in the street set up a lively air.
Both children to the window ran and climbed
upon a chair.

SUNBEAM AND SHADOW

Then Sunbeam said, "Now, Shadow, I'll put my
arm round you,
The window is wide open and you might tumble
through,"
But Shadow twitched herself away, and oh, how
sad to tell!
She slipped and lost her balance, and from the
window fell.
Sunbeam, as quick as lightning, ran down the
steps and found
Poor little Shadow lying quite senseless on the ground.
The organ-grinder brought her in and laid her on
the bed,
While Sunbeam placed the pillow about her aching
head,
Then ran for nurse and mother to bind the
bruises up,
And brought her cool spring-water in her own
silver cup.
Long hours poor Shadow lay without the strength
to speak.
At last she raised herself, kissed Sunbeam on the
cheek,
And said, "Oh, dearest Sunbeam, I've been so
rude and wild,
But if you can forgive me I will be a better child."

FOR THE CHILDREN

And did Sunbeam forgive her ? Oh, yes, she did
indeed,
And gently sought the wayward child in better
ways to lead,
To keep her heart and hands from angry temper
free,
To love the loving Saviour and seek like Him to be.
So Shadow soon grew better, the dark scowl left
her face,
And, like sunshine after rain, sweet smiles came in
its place,
And she learned to love dear Sunbeam with all
her happy heart,
Till they grew so much alike they could scarce
be told apart.

V

So when her visit ended and Shadow was quite
well,
She went to her own home and rang the front-
door bell.
The nurse came running down the stairs and said,
“ Oh, dear ! Oh, dear !
That hateful Shadow has come back, I’m sorry
she is here.”

SUNBEAM AND SHADOW

But as she opened wide the door, what little girl
was this

Who sweetly spoke and smiled and was ready with
a kiss?

“Can this be Shadow, really, who is standing at
the door;

She never had a happy face or a pleasant word
before?”

“Oh, yes, I’m really Shadow—that is my name,”
said she,

“But not the child that once I was, as all the
house shall see.”

So she gayly tripped up-stairs and they hardly
knew her there,

Her voice had grown so gentle, her face had
grown so fair.

And from that time she daily grew to be more
sweet and mild,

Till every one rejoiced in heart to see so good a
child.

And she and little Sunbeam grew up the best of
friends,

Like two fair flowers together, and so the story
ends.

“SOMEBODY”

THERE's a meddlesome “Somebody” going about,
And playing his pranks, but we can't find him
out ;
He's up-stairs and down-stairs from morning till
night,
And always in mischief, but never in sight.

The rogues I have read of in song or in tale
Are caught at the end, and conducted to jail ;
But “Somebody's” tracks are all covered so well
He never has seen the inside of a cell.

Our young folks at home at all seasons and times
Are rehearsing the roll of “Somebody's” crimes ;
Or fast as their feet and their tongues can well run,
Come to tell the last deed the sly scamp has done.

“ ‘Somebody’ has taken my knife,” one will say ;
“ ‘Somebody’ has carried my pencil away” ;

"SOMEBODY"

"'Somebody' has gone and thrown down all the blocks";

"'Somebody' ate up all the cakes in the box."

It is "Somebody" breaks all the pitchers and plates,
And hides the boys' sleds and runs off with their
skates,

And turns on the water and tumbles the beds,
And steals all the pins and melts all the dolls' heads.

One night a dull sound, like the thump of a head,
Announced that one youngster was out of his bed;
And he said, half asleep, when asked what it meant,
"'Somebody' is pushing me out of the tent!"

Now, if these high crimes of "Somebody" don't
cease,

We must summon in the detective police;
And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known
The culprit belongs to no house but our own.

And should it turn out after all to be true
That our young folks themselves are "Some-
body," too,

How queer it would look if we saw them all go,
Marched off to the station-house, six in a row!

PSYCHE

THIS young woman is Psyche, of whom you've
heard tell,

A very well-known Mythological belle,
Whom Cupid was sweet on, but that gay young
spark

Never paid her a visit except in the dark ;
Knowing well 'twould be fatal should Psyche
discover

She, a poor child of Earth, had a god for a lover ;
But Psyche, much wishing to see and be seen,
One night filled her lamp with the best kerosene,
Then lit it while Cupid was napping and took
What she meant for a sly, introductory look,
But the beauty celestial which burst on her view
Quite upset the damsel—upset her lamp, too—
Cupid didn't "strike oil," but the hot oil struck
Cupid.

He awoke with a start. Psyche cried, "Oh, how
stupid !

PSYCHE

I didn't intend"—but her lover had vanished,
And all her bright dreams of the future were
banished.

Still that glimpse gave an image that Fate could
not spoil ;

She had, you might say, Cupid's portrait in oil ;
On that image she lived ; over mountain and plain
Went searching for Cupid, but searching in vain ;
Not in city or country, in valley or grove,
Could she find the least trace of her long van-
ished love.

Not on Earth or in Time was the vision renewed,
Though so earnestly sought and so sadly pursued,
Till great Jove, looking down with compassionate
eye,

Made Psyche immortal, and there, in the sky,
The lover, long lost, was restored to her sight,
And her lamp was rekindled in heaven's own
light !

Now our fancies at once to plain truth to recall,
There was no such person as Psyche at all ;
And she never had oil, nor a lamp, nor a lover,
And a myth and a fable is all there was of her ;
So by this bronze figure the truth you may reach,
That Psyche herself was a "figure of speech" !

FOR THE CHILDREN

A fair type of the soul in its human estate,
In its longings and struggles with Fortune and
Fate,
Reflecting the mood you so often have had,
More pensive than painful, more silent than sad,
When you feel that the soul throbbing there in
your breast,
Is a restless, dissatisfied, fugitive guest.

CORNELIA'S REPLY

CORNELIA, a matron of ancient Rome,
Was busied one day in her quiet home,
Ruling the house with her firm, gentle rule,
Her husband abroad, and her boys at school,
But she, in her manifold toils and cares,
Still blending her joys and hopes with theirs.

To visit Cornelia that day there came
A rich Roman lady of noble name.
Very fair she was, and as proud as fair,
Queenly her bearing, disdainful her air,
Regal her robe, each soft flowing fold
Lustrous with purple, embroidered with gold ;
Slaves followed her steps who bore in their hands
Caskets of jewels from Orient lands,
Spoils of the provinces, glittering gems
Plucked by the victors from kings' diadems.
These royal trophies of Rome's proudest day
The haughty patrician came to display.
"Behold," she exclaimed, "my jewels so rare !
Cornelia, what have you with them to compare?"

FOR THE CHILDREN

Cornelia gazed on the dazzling array;
She silently gazed, turned, silent, away.
From caskets and gems her quick glance had
 strayed

To the inner court where the fountain played,
Whence clear on her listening ear there fell
Glad tones from the two she loved so well;
A moment more, at the mother's call,
Together they entered the lofty hall,
The youthful Gracchi, one calm and sedate,
The shade on his brow of his future fate,
The other a bold and a joyous youth,
The fire in his eye of valor and truth.
Embracing them both, with a mother's pride,
"These are my jewels!" Cornelia replied.

Dead and forgotten this many a day,
The rich Roman lady has passed away;
Ages have rolled o'er Cornelia's grave
And the graves of the Gracchi, true and brave;
Living to-day is Cornelia's reply,
Fresh and immortal, it never can die,
Clear as a diamond, it beams on our sight,
Cheering our souls with its tranquil light,
A light not of Earth—a ray from above,
The pure quenchless light of a Mother's love!

OLD PONE

My grandfather once had a horse that was known
By no other name than the name of "Old Pone."
His coat was quite rough and his sides were quite
bony,
And to tell you the truth, he *was* an old pony.

Old Pone loved to stand in the stable all day,
Very quietly munching his oats and hay,
Or out in the field to roll over and over,
And kick up his heels in the grass and the clover.

And then if you wanted Old Pone for a ride,
You had to creep, slyly, close up to his side,
Then out with the halter and clap his head in it,
Or off he would scamper in less than a minute.

But when you had caught him, how still he would
stand,
And rub up against you and eat from your hand,

FOR THE CHILDREN

As grave as a judge, just as sober and steady,
Till the harness was on and the chaise was all ready.

Then when all were seated and eager to go,
Old Pone would move off with a gait very slow ;
As much as to say, "There is no use of talking,
You think you're out *driving*, but I am out
walking."

By coaxing and scolding, Old Pone could be got
To quicken his pace to a kind of jog trot,
But coaxing or scolding, by man or by master,
Were utterly useless to make him go faster.

Old Pone knew the roads, North, South, East and
West,
And whenever he reached the road he liked best,
Because the most level and shady and quiet,
Down that he would turn and compel you to
try it.

At the foot of each hill, he made a dead stop,
Then took a snail's pace and crawled to the top,
Once there, what a puffing and panting and blow-
ing,
Like a live locomotive—all but the *going*!

OLD PONE

At every friend's house to the gate he would go,
And there he would stand, though you never said
 "Whoa,"

Rub his nose on the post as if he would kiss it,
And wait till you got out and made a long visit.

No matter how light or how heavy his load,
He went just as slow every inch of the road,
But when he reached home, Old Pone was quite
 able

To trot pretty fast up the lane to the stable!



TOM TWIST

He could scamper all through the rigging,
As spry and as still as a cat,
While as for a jump from the maintop
To deck, he thought nothing of that ;
He danced at the end of the yard-arm,
Slept sound in the bend of a sail,
And hung by his legs from the bowsprit,
When the wind was blowing a gale.

The vessel went down in a tempest,
A thousand fathoms or more,
But Tom Twist dived under the breakers,
And swimming five miles got ashore ;
The shore was a cannibal island,
The natives were hungry enough,
But they felt of Tommy all over,
And found him entirely too tough.

So they put him into a boy-coop,
Just to fatten him up, you see,
But Tommy crept out, very slyly,
And climbed to the top of a tree ;
The tree was the nest of a Condor,
A bird with prodigious big wings,
Who lived upon boa-constrictors,
And other digestible things.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Condor flew home in the evening,
And there lay friend Tommy, so snug,
She thought she had pounced on a very
Remarkable species of bug ;
She soon woke him up with her pecking,
But Tommy gave one of his springs,
And leaped on the back of the Condor,
Between her long neck and her wings.

The Condor tried plunging and pitching,
But Tommy held on with firm hand,
Then off, with a scream, flew the Condor,
Over forest and ocean and land ;
By and by she got tired of her burden,
And flying quite close to the ground,
Tom untwisted his legs from the creature,
And quickly slipped off with a bound.

He landed all right and feet foremost,
A little confused by his fall,
And then ascertained he had lighted
On top of the great Chinese Wall ;
He walked to the City of Peking
Where he made the Chinamen grin ;
He turned ten summersets backward,
And they made him a Mandarin !

TOM TWIST

Then Tom had to play the Celestial,
And to dangle a long pigtail,
And he dined on puppies and kittens,
Till his spirits began to fail;
Then he sighed for his native country,
And he longed for its ham and eggs,
And in turning summersets backward
His pigtail would catch in his legs.

He sailed for his dear home and harbor,
The house of his mother he knew,
He climbed up the lightning-rod quickly,
And came down the chimney-flue;
His mother in slumber lay dreaming
She never would see him more,
When she opened her eyes and Tommy
Stood there on the bedroom floor!

Her nightcap flew off in amazement,
Her hair stood on end with surprise;
“What kind of a ghost or a spirit
Is this that I see with my eyes?”
“I am your most dutiful Tommy”—
“I will not believe it,” she said,
“Till you turn ten summersets backward,
And stand half an hour on your head.”

FOR THE CHILDREN

“That thing I will do, dearest mother.”

At once, with a skip and a hop,
He turned the ten summersets backward,

But then was unable to stop!

The tenth took him out of the window,

His mother jumped from her bed,
To see his twentieth summerset
Take him over the kitchen shed.

Then over the patch of potatoes,

And beyond the church on the hill,
She saw him tumbling and turning,

Turning and tumbling still;

Until Tommy's body diminished

In size to the head of a pin,
Spinning away in the distance,

Where it still continues to spin.

DWARF AND GIANT

As on through Life's journey we go, day by day,
There are two whom we meet at each turn of
the way,
To help or to hinder—to bless or to ban,
And the names of these two are "*I Can't*" and
"*I Can!*"

"*I Can't*" is a dwarf, a poor, pale, puny imp,
His eyes are half blind and his walk is a limp,
He stumbles and falls, or lies writhing in fits,
And for those who would help him plants snares
and digs pits.

"*I Can*" is a giant, unbending he stands,
There is strength in his arms, and skill in his
hands,
He asks for no favors, he wants but a share
Where labor is honest and wages are fair.

FOR THE CHILDREN

"I Can't" is a sluggard, too lazy to work,
From duty he shrinks, every task he will shirk,
No bread on his board and no meal in his bag,
His house is a ruin, his coat is a rag.

"I Can" is a worker, he tills the broad fields,
And digs from the Earth all the wealth which it
yields,
The hum of his spindles begins with the light,
And the fires of his forges are blazing all night.

"I Can't" is a coward, half fainting with fright,
At the first thought of peril he slinks out of
sight,
Skulks and hides till the noise of the battle is
past,
Or sells his best friends and turns traitor at last.

"I Can" is a hero, the first in the field,
Though others may falter, he never will yield,
He makes the long marches, he deals the last
blow,
His charge is the whirlwind that scatters the foe.

And how grandly and nobly he stands to his trust,
When roused at the call of a cause that is just,

DWARF AND GIANT

He weds his strong will to the valor of youth,
And writes on his banners the watchword of Truth.

Then up and be doing, the day is not long,
Throw fear to the winds, be patient and strong ;
Stand fast in your place, act your part like a man,
And dare for the Right to say always, "*I Can!*"

MISS NOBODY'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

ONE might travel this wide world over and over,
And a house like Miss Nobody's nowhere discover ;

It could never be seen from highway or hill,
At each turn of the road 'twas invisible still,
People said, who in vain had endeavored to view
it,

No driveway nor path could be found leading to
it,

Yet had these same people but once been inside
What marvellous things they would then have
descried !

Things past all description, beyond fancy's flight,
Or, in modern vernacular, quite " out of sight,"
Including the owner, of whom all agree
That only herself can her parallel be.

A grand Christmas feast did this fine lady plan
To gather together the Nobody clan,

MISS NOBODY'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

For the family chart when fairly unfurled
Reached out beyond sea and all over the world.
It really became an Herculean task
To select from the many the few she would ask;
Representative men they must certainly be,
And the answers which came to her "*R. S. V. P.*"
Made it clear in advance she would surely be able
To greet the best Nobody blood at her table.

Half-past six was the hour, but at dinners of state
The more honored the guest the more he comes
late,

And here as the guests, in their own estimation,
Were among the most eminent men of the Nation,
You may fancy the struggle in being the latest
As the practical test of who was the greatest.
Each followed the other, all taking good care
When the actual dinner was served to be there,
And when round her board she saw them as-
semble

Her startling success made Miss Nobody tremble;
If you choose to believe me, it was an array
Of greatness and genius not seen every day,
As your mind's eye may test by surveying the
group

Just here in advance of the oysters and soup.

FOR THE CHILDREN

At the head the fair hostess herself may be seen
In an ideal gown of invisible green,
Trimmed with softest illusion and jewels as rare
As Fairy Tale princesses once used to wear ;
At her right the real family head, Father Nil,
In spite of reverses quite jovial still ;
On her left General Cypher, with star on each
shoulder,

As a non-fighting Brigadier no one was bolder ;
Then the Right Reverend Vox-et-preterea-nihil,
Whose name to surmount is like climbing a high
hill ;

That stout German Baron, the head of his house,
Universally known as Von Nichts-kom-heraus.
From England young Nonsuch, an earl's seventh
son,

Who sailed for the "States" with hat-box and gun.
Equipped for wild sport in the Rockies he came,
For buffaloes, bison, and other small game ;
From France, Prince de Rien, Parisian true,
And with him his nephew, young Count Pas-de-
tout ;

A real Roman Prince, Don Nessuno Niente,
His purse rather slim, but his ancestors plenty.
Two Irish O'Noughts were there in full force,
With valor unflinching attacking each course ;

MISS NOBODY'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

While more marked, as it seemed, than bishop or
hero

Was that cynical scientist, old Doctor Zero,
An open agnostic whose teaching all tends
To engender a coolness between the best friends,
And who with his sharp pessimistic persistence
Would freeze out the life from all things in existence.

Some connections by marriage your glance will
comprise:

Mr. Unit, for instance, whose family ties
With the Cyphers have led to large fortunes and
made

Great names in the markets of finance and trade.
Mr. Sham, the political boss, by whose grace
Some Nobodies crawl into high power and place;
Doctor Minus, the head of a world-renowned college,
Whose four walls encompass all manner of knowledge;

Mr. Bubble, the railway contractor, whose schemes
For girdling the earth are the wildest of dreams,
Whose career is a paradox past understanding,
Because while contracting he still is expanding,
And Mr. Anonymous, whom you may guess,
As elsewhere, so here, represented the Press;

FOR THE CHILDREN

Occasions like this were the height of his glories,
With their unending gossip, incredible stories,
State secrets which no one more deftly could
handle,
And last, but not least, inexhaustible scandal.

When coffee was served it was proper that each
Of the prominent guests should make a short
speech ;

If your mind's eye could see, so your mind's ear
of course

Can hear every word of the brilliant discourse,
As each speaker vied with the others to raise
His glass and his voice in the fair hostess' praise.
Father Nil, through meanderings more or less dark,
Traced the Nobody pedigree back to Noah's Ark,
And claimed as their own, in the family name,
All who starting with nothing reached fortune
and fame ;

Bishop Vox-et-preterea-nihil was prouder
Than ever before in his life and spoke louder,
Proclaiming the fact that in spite of low birth
The Nobodies yet should possess the whole earth ;
Then the elder O'Nought, without quitting his
chair,

Said he sprang to his feet to demand a full share

MISS NOBODY'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

For the poor Irish branch whom all could behold
In himself quite destroyed by starvation and cold.
General Cypher proposed the good health of the
Queen,

And of all the crowned heads whose subjects were
seen

Round Miss Nobody's board in the sweep of his
glance,

Including our Sister Republic of France.

This pleased the whole party, while Monsieur Rien
And polite Pas-de-tout smiled and said, "*Tres
bien!*"

And young Nonsuch whispered his neighbor quite
low,

"The Queen would be greatly obliged, don't you
know."

So, with clinking of glasses, 'midst general ap-
plause

The toast was tossed off; then after a pause
Who should rise but old Zero to cast such a chill
As threatened the ending of poor Father Nil,
Who shivered and shook, and would surely have
died

But for sundry hot potions with which he was plied.
All the same Doctor Zero his climaxes wrought,
And sent the whole universe whirling to nought.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Could Miss Nobody's gentle response have been
heard

The depths of each heart had surely been stirred ;
Inaudible whispers, a voiceless good-night,
She breathed to her guests and vanished from
sight.

Then the men settled down to the sociable weed,
And to tell their old stories and jokes did proceed ;
And when the clock sounded its last midnight
stroke,

Like all famous dinners, this ended in smoke ;
Round faces and foreheads the dim vapors curled,
An emblem too true of this make-believe world.

BURIED CITIES

FATHER CHARLES

No paler monk than Father Charles, and none so
gaunt or lean,
Since monks in academic air or cloister walls were
seen ;

The ravages of fatal war saw many dear ones fall,
But he in peace and at our side, seemed nearer
death than all.

An ice-cold hand was his, drear omen of decay !
The best of brandy, hottest baths, drove not that
chill away ;

We used to have nice dishes cooked to tempt his
appetite,

And many a damsel made him cake, his palate to
invite ;

But all in vain, his feeble shape kindred to death
appeared,

Beyond comparison he failed, his eye grew wild
and bleared.

FOR THE CHILDREN

After his daily nap, less strength and less he got ;
'Twas not advancing age, no, all his years had not
Rent one dark hair from off his brow, or with
 maturing gray,
Spreading his tonsured crown, worn his thick locks
 away ;
But memory bleeds to think how suddenly he
 died—
His neck when we fell on, "Do not this thing,"
 he cried,
"To duty constant, I no pleasure ever loved,
Can't one poor mortal thus a real saint be proved?"
His spirit, loth to quit, oft flickered ere it fled,
At last his pulse met Zero, and Father Charles was
 dead.
He had a monster funeral, the Queen's Town Clerk
 came down,
Ordered the bells to toll and over all the town
They rang, both old and new ; burgher and
 magistrate
Came crowding where in old St. John's his body
 lay in state
With THIRTY BURIED CITIES upon his reverend
 pate.

NOTES TO "OBERAMMERGAU," 1890

"*A trembling vow breathed in a night of fears.*"—p. 91.

"The Oberammergau tradition is as follows: In the year 1633 a fearful pestilence broke out in the neighboring villages; so fearful, indeed, it was thought everybody would die. In Kohlgrub, distant nine miles from Ammergau, so great were the ravages made by the disease that only two married couples were left in the village. Notwithstanding the strict measures taken by the people of Ammergau to prevent the plague being introduced into their village, a day laborer named Caspar Schuchler, who had been working at Eschenlohe, where the plague prevailed, succeeded in entering the village, where he wished to visit his wife and children. In a day or two he was a corpse; he had brought with him the germs of the disease, which spread with such fearful rapidity that, within the following thirty-three days, eighty-four persons belonging to the village died. Then the villagers, in their sad trial, assembled, and solemnly vowed that, if God would take away the pestilence, they would perform the Passion Tragedy in thanksgiving every tenth year. From that time on, although a number of persons were suffering, not one more died of the plague. In 1684, the play was first performed. The decadal period was chosen for 1690, and the Passion Play has been enacted every tenth year, with various interruptions, since that time."—JOHN P. JACKSON, *Guide to the Passion Play*, 1890.

NOTES TO "OBERAMMERGAU," 1890

" . . . *Where, stern and lone,
Rose to the sky his rugged, cross-tipped cone.*"—p. 92.

The summit of Kofel is surmounted by a colossal cross.

" 'If they want to remove our play,' said Joseph Mayer, 'they must remove with it the Kofelspitze and its guarding cross.' It is a curious accident that this year the cross was blown down and has just been renewed. Some of the villagers see in this accident an omen that the Play ought no longer to be continued; and, indeed, it is said that some of them believe that they have had a heavenly intimation that henceforth they are quit of their olden vow, and that with this year the public decennial repetition of the Play should cease forever."—ARCHDEACON FARRAR, *The Passion Play at Oberammergau*, 1890.

" *Round the vast theatre.*"—p. 93.

The present theatre has been built after a design and under the direction of Karl Lautenschläger, the manager and inventor of the scenery of the Royal Theatre in Munich. It is built in great part of wood, with a solid brick building in the rear, serving for practice during the years in which there is no Passion Play. The auditorium rises, amphitheatrically, one hundred and sixty-eight feet in length, by one hundred and eighteen feet in width, and accommodates four thousand persons. About a third part of this space is under cover. The seats are so arranged that every spectator easily commands a view of the whole stage. Between the amphitheatre and the stage is the space occupied by the orchestra. Only the middle part of the stage is under cover. Within this the tableaux are given, while the chorus occupies the open stage and the dramatic scenes are enacted on all its parts, which include, on either side of the central stage, a street in Jerusalem; on the extreme right, the house of Pilate,

NOTES TO "OBERAMMERGAU," 1890

and on the extreme left, the palace of the High Priest. Beyond the theatre, the hills rise on either side, affording glimpses of natural scenery which, if the day be fair and bright, as was the case on my visit—August 17, 1890—greatly enhance the interest of the Play. Hans Christian Andersen thus narrates his experience in 1860:

"During the entire representation we had had alternate rain and wind, all the while cloudy weather; but by chance, just as Christ was lowered into the grave, the sun broke forth and illumined the stage, the spectators, the whole surrounding. Birds sang and flew here and there over us; it was a moment one never forgets."

"While groups symbolic placed before the view."—p. 93.

"The good priest Dalsenberger, instead of simply setting forth the Gospel story as it stands in the New Testament, took as his fundamental idea the connection of the Passion, incident by incident, with the types, figures, and prophecies of the Old Testament. The whole of the Old Testament is thus made as it were the massive pedestal for the Cross, and the course of the narrative of the Passion is perpetually interrupted or illustrated by scenes from the older Bible, which are supposed to prefigure the next event to be represented on the stage. Thus, in Dalsenberger's words, 'The representation of the Passion is arranged and performed on the basis of the entire Scriptures.'"—W. F. STEAD, in the *Review of Reviews*, July, 1890.

The tableaux, of which there are in all twenty-three, begin with "The Fall of Man and the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden," followed by "The Adoration of the Cross." These precede the opening scene of the Play. The tableaux which follow are: "The Conspiracy of Joseph's Brethren"—typical of the plot in the Sanhedrim; "The De-

NOTES TO "OBERAMMERGAU," 1890

parture of Tobias" (the only incident taken from the Apocrypha), and "The Bride in the Song of Solomon lamenting her lost Bridegroom"—both preceding the parting at Bethany; "The Rejection of Vashti"—typifying the doom of Jerusalem; "The Gathering of the Manna;" "The Grapes of Eschol"—symbolizing the Bread and Wine; "The Sale of Joseph by his Brethren"—foreshadowing the price paid to Judas for the betrayal; "Adam tilling the Ground in the Sweat of his Brow"—prefiguring the Agony of Gethsemane; "Joab's Assassination of Amasa"—showing forth the treachery of Judas; "Micajah Rebuking the False Prophet," "Naboth Stoned to Death," "The Sufferings of Job"—all typical of the Saviour's sufferings at the hands of the Chief Priests; "Cain's Remorse after Killing Abel"—preceding the suicide of Judas; "Daniel accused before Darius"—Christ before Pilate; "Samson a Sport to the Philistines"—Christ before Herod. The remaining tableaux, "Joseph's Bloody Coat brought to Jacob," "The Sacrifice of Isaac," "Joseph's Elevation in Egypt," "The Scapegoat in the Wilderness," "Isaac bearing the Wood on Mount Moriah," "Moses Elevating the Brazen Serpent," and "The Healing of those who Looked Upon It," are all typical of the various closing scenes of the Passion and the efficacy of the sacrifice of the Messiah.

"These tableaux call into requisition the services of a multitude of the villagers, so that there are sometimes three or four hundred persons on the stage. There is not one of the scenes which is not effectively set forth, and it is wonderful to observe how absolutely motionless are all the assembled figures, even the youngest children, during the moment or two that each tableaux remains visible. Whatever mind and taste may have presided over these scenes, the grouping of the actors and the harmonious blending of the colors is a triumph of artless art."—ARCHDEACON FARRAR, *The Passion Play at Oberammergau*, 1890.

NOTES TO "OBERAMMERGAU," 1890

"And yet these peasant actors, undismayed,

In loftier parts than Shakespeare drew have played."—p. 105.

The cast of performers in 1890 was as follows: Christus, Joseph Mayer; Peter, Jacob Hett (these two took the same characters in 1871 and 1880); John, Peter Rendl; Caiaphas, Johann Lang, Sr.; Nathaniel, Sebastian Lang; Pilate, Thomas Rendl (these three played the same parts in 1880); Mary, Rosa Lang; Mary Magdalene, Amalia Deschler; Martha, Helena Lang; Joseph of Arimathea, Mark Oppenrieder; Nicodemus, Franz Steinbacher; Annas, Franz Rutz, Sr.; Rabbi Archelaus, Sebastian Bauer; Judas, Johann Zwink; Herod, Johann Diemer (he was the Choragus of 1880); Prologus, Jacob Rutz. "In 1870 and 1880 the Judas was played by Gregor Lechner, whose performance was considered masterly. It resulted in an unconscious shrinking from him on the part of the villagers after the performances—a tribute to his powers which was very unwelcome to him. Johann Zwink, the new impersonator of this part, is, as was also his predecessor, a wood-carver. Mayer, Hett, and Lechner are, or were, all wood-carvers. Johann Lang is a village merchant and its burgomaster. He is also the stage-manager."—J. H. HERVEY, in the *Christian Union*, New York, June 19, 1890.

"One master spirit shines above the rest."—p. 106.

Dalsenberger, whose name is indissolubly linked with the Passion Play, was the son of a peasant of Oberau, and for more than thirty-five years the pastor and "Geistlicher Rath" of Oberammergau. His published works include a volume of sermons, entitled, *The Fruits of Observations on the Passion*, and numerous Biblical and historical plays, and a translation of "Antigone" from the Greek for the Ammergau actors. He modelled the chorus of the Passion Play after the Greek drama. The results of his patient instruction of the people